# The Nation.

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## The Week.

THE substantial defeat of the Carlisle currency bill does not spare Congress the necessity of passing a bill for the relief of the Treasury. Some measure for the sale of bonds until the revenue becomes equal to the expenditure is imperatively required. The present condition was foreseen even before the Harrison Administration went out of office. Secretary Foster discussed it in a public speech, and said that, if all other means failed, he should issue bonds under the act of 1875, as Secretary Carlisle has since done. The reason why Congress has done nothing to anticipate the exigency, or to meet it after it came, is that each party was bidding for the votes of Populists, Silverites, Coxeyites, and Blatherskites. A certain number of catchwords have come into use among these people during the past quarter of a century while the green goddess of legal-tender has held sway, which are supposed to contain all the truths of financial science. Chief among these are the phrases "money power" and "Wall Street." To be in any way connected with the "money power" involves the loss of a certain number of votes. Such is the supposition, at all events, of timid and time-serving politicians. Government bonds are, of course, associated with the "money power." Hence, any vote in Congress to issue more bonds, no matter what the purpose or how dire the need, exposes the timid and time-serving members of that body to the charge of "subserviency to Wall Street." Repealing the Sherman silver act was all the subserviency to Wall Street that this Congress could stagger under. This is the reason why no bond bill could pass, not even an amendment to the present act to enable the Government to get better terms in the sales which it is compelled to make or go into bankruptcy. Such an amendment would be construed as an admission that the right to issue bonds under the act of 1875 still existed. As all the Populists, Silverites, Coxeyites, and Blatherskites denied this right, the average Congressman shied at it like a frightened horse. Neither whip nor spur could bring him up to it. But we think he will have to come to it before this Congress adjourns, or he will see the next Congress in session very close at his heels.

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It was a great mistake of tactics not to allow a vote to be taken on the State-bank proposition first. This section of the Carlisle bill was the part which consolidated the Republican vote against the whole measure. It is very plain that the State-bank feature was thrown in, not because it was desirable *per se*, but because it would "catch votes" outside of Congress. But, however that may have been, the existence of that feature rendered it necessary to carry the bill by Democratic votes solely. If the Republican demand for a vote on that section at an early stage had been conceded, it is more than likely that the few votes needed to adopt the programme of the committee on rules would have been gained. It is pretty certain, too, that that section of the bill would have been knocked out. What might have been the fate of the bill without that clause is matter of conjecture.

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The time is very short, but it seems as if it might still be possible for Congress to empower the secretary of the treasury to take advantage of the exceptionally favorable condition of the money market. If money is lent in large amounts at one per cent. or less, why should not the Government borrow at that rate? If it be said that such money is lent only upon demand or for short periods, the reply is that those are precisely the terms which will suit the Government. No one doubts that in a short time the revenue of the Government will be in excess of its expenditure. The surplus would then naturally be applied to the payment of its debts, but the debts created by issuing bonds cannot be paid for many years to come, and meanwhile the surplus will probably be wasted as the last Republican Administration wasted it. Were the Treasury authorized to sell exchequer bills, at such rates of interest as prevail from day to day, payable at short terms or on demand, it is certainly reasonable to believe that it would share in the benefit of the low rates now existing. There is plenty of money to loan, and it is scarcely credible that the Treasury would not be favored as a borrower. Whatever may be the ultimate solvency of the Government, few would doubt that it would honor its paper for a few months; and before the present executive is displaced the emergency will probably have passed. Whatever the ultimate standard of value may be, we shall not see any change while Mr. Cleveland holds office, and few bank presidents would decline to lend on call to the Government at 1 per cent. when they could do no better with private customers. If the Democratic party in Congress could bring itself to propose such a measure as this, it would at least go out of office with honor. If it does nothing to restore the public credit, it will add disgrace to defeat.

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The United States Senate seems to be stuck in its own mud again, as it was during the pendency of the Sherman repeal bill. A very competent observer, who is also a member, Mr. Vest of Missouri, is quoted as saying that no measure can pass that body, at this session, if five Senators are determined to prevent it, because the Senate has no rule for terminating debate. He says that this is the reason why no bill can be passed to repeal the discriminating duty on German beet sugar, which is causing enormous difficulties in our export trade. It is generally believed that any bill which might be sent by the House to the Senate for the relief of the Treasury would fail in the same way. It certainly would fail if five Senators were disposed to talk out the session, by reading essays and disquisitions like the silver speeches of Stewart and Jones and the tariff speeches of Quay. The situation is clearly revolutionary. "If the majority cannot govern, the minority must," and when that condition is reached, a revolution will have been accomplished. Suppose that the House should repeal its rules for closing debate. The result would be that any five members could stop the passage of appropriation bills and starve out the Senate and everybody else. In that event we should be able to start a government on this continent *de novo* and get rid of the present imbecile Senate.

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There was cold comfort for Admiral Walker in the Hawaiian correspondence sent to Congress last week. His wonderful despatch of last August is now shown not only to be filled with Jingo nightmare (that was clear on its face), but to be positively mendacious in its statements and implications. "I consulted with the American minister," he wrote, "whose views coincided entirely with my own." But the said minister has now been heard from, and shows that the Admiral is ready to take liberties with the truth as well as with his superior officer. Minister Willis, in fact, diplomatically makes light of Walker's horrid tale of British machinations, and adds, what is far worse, that the Hawaiian Government is living on very good terms with England. This is strikingly confirmed by the Hawaiian request for the permission of the United States to allow the projected cable between Canada and Australia to be landed on Necker Island. The Hawaiians declare that they want this done, for the sake both of the money they will get by it and of telegraphic communication with the outside world; and our shallow President recommends that they be allowed to have their way. But we are glad to see that there are patriots at Washington who will withstand such transparent folly. The unsuspecting Hawaiians may think in their innocence that they want a British cable landed on their soil, but we know better. They cannot have it. What they really want, whether they think so or not, is an American warship.

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The decision of the Court of Appeals of the District of Columbia declaring the sugar-bounty provision of the McKinley law unconstitutional, enunciates economical doctrine which it is refreshing to hear. The court points out that the right to give such a bounty to a class of people involves the right to tax all for the benefit of this class, and that the power of taxation is "limited to public objects and purposes governmental in their nature." As for the claim that "the general welfare" clause of the Constitution may be stretched to encourage the production of sugar by a bounty, the decision makes short work of it. Says the court:

> "If Congress be conceded the power to grant subsidies from the public revenues to all objects it may deem to be for the general welfare, then it follows that this discretion renders superfluous all the special delegations of power contained in the Constitution and opens a way for a flood of socialistic legislation, the specious plea for all of which has ever been 'the general welfare.'"

The fundamental question involved in this sugar-bounty matter has never been passed upon directly by the Supreme Court of the United States, but the decision of the District Court points out that the principle which underlies it has been ruled upon by the court of last resort, particularly in the celebrated opinion of Justice Miller, holding that the Government cannot take property from citizens to bestow it on favored individuals. There can be no doubt that the courts here reflect the predominant sentiment of the people, and it is safe to say that Congress will hereafter be slow to endorse the bounty system.

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The committee of architects who drafted the bill which is before Congress reorganizing the supervising-architect's office at Washington are making great efforts to secure its passage before the present Congress adjourns, and they ought to have no trouble in succeeding. The bill has the hearty support of Secretary Carlisle and of all the leading architects of the country, and the practically unanimous support of the press. What it does is to create a commission, to be appointed by the President, consisting of "three architects of high scientific and artistic attainment and large practical experience, and two officers of the Engineer Corps of the United States Army." This commission, under the general direction of the secretary of the treasury, is to discharge all the administrative duties relating to the procuring of designs and the appointing of architects for all buildings hereafter erected by the Government. The secretary of the treasury is to be president of the commission *ex officio*, and the supervising architect is to be its secretary and to act as general superintendent of the department, but to have nothing to do with the designing and preparation of drawings and specifications. The design of the bill is to bring to the aid of the Government the best expert architectural talent of the country, in order that future Government buildings may be constructed in such manner as to reflect honor upon us as an enlightened and progressive people. It does not interfere with the present system, but makes it possible for that system to accomplish the best and most artistic results. It will not add to the cost of public construction, but will, through better supervision, quicker and better work, save the Government large sums annually. The bill ought to pass without delay. It has been reported from committee in the House with strong approval, and it is now regularly before that body. The Senate should act upon it promptly, and both houses pass it as a pressing measure preeminently in the interest of the public welfare.

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Democrats and Republicans have just been put to the test in the matter of surrendering a governorship to the Opposition on a narrow majority, and the Republicans make the better showing. On the face of the returns the Republicans elected their candidate for Governor of Tennessee by a few hundred votes, while the Democrats retained the Legislature. In California, on the other hand, the Democrats secured a small majority in the contest for Governor, while the Republicans control the Legislature. In California the Republicans have promptly surrendered the governorship to the man who was elected, while in Tennessee the Democrats are keeping out the man whom the people elected, on the pretence that there were frauds which the Legislature must investigate, and propose to have the Democratic incumbent hold over pending such an investigation. There is absolutely no defence for this course, and it only illustrates the fatal capacity of the Democratic party for blundering.

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It is impossible to look upon the organization of the Assembly which Tom Platt, through Speaker Fish, has effected, otherwise than as a challenge to the reform sentiment of New York city. Out of thirty-six chairmanships, twenty-eight are assigned to members from districts of the State outside of this city and Brooklyn. Of the remaining eight chairmanships, Brooklyn has six and New York two. And what are New York's two? Mr. Conkling, who is an expert on city politics and government, is assigned to the chairmanship of the committee on lands and forestry, and Mr. Lawson, whose experience as a legislator is confined entirely to city matters, is placed at the head of the committee on trades and manufactures. What delicious jokes these assignments must seem to Platt! At the head of the committee on cities is placed Mr. O'Grady of Monroe County, who injured his reputation as a man of independent character by abandoning his claims to the speakership early in the contest and withdrawing in favor of Fish. In short, the organization of the Assembly is precisely what everybody familiar with Mr. Fish's public record might have expected it would be. He has never failed during his career to cast his lot with corrupt and tricky politics. His natural taste is in that direction; and, with Platt as his guiding spirit, he can be depended upon to gratify that taste to a more unlimited extent now than ever before.

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It seems impossible for Platt's pastors to keep out of politics. He had to move away from Dr. Parkhurst's preaching in order to enjoy his devout Sabbath meditations in the sanctuary undisturbed by allusions to sinners nearer our day than Ahab or Judas, and we read with much sympathy the report of his evident edification under the ministrations of his new pastor, last Sunday. He "joined in the singing" with his old-time zest, and settled back to thorough enjoyment of a sermon without a single unedifying reference to sins any modern is inclined to, being, in fact, "all about the Waldenses." Yet what does his new non-political pastor do the very next day but go to a pastors' association and denounce a "scheme" of Mayor Strong's and the German Reform Union to allow the people to say whether they want saloons open on Sunday afternoons, and so "have our Sabbath voted away from us"? This political activity of his new pastor will pain Platt deeply. He thought he was now safe from such religious embarrassments. Still, the cause is one which appeals to him strongly. His strict Sabbatarian principles are almost as strong as his bi-partisan convictions. Rather than have one saloon legally open on Sunday, he would have fifty illegally open, provided the blackmail were collected and distributed in an orderly bi-partisan manner. The Pastors' Association may count upon Platt in this fight for the American Sabbath. All he will ask of the pastors in return is their aid in *his* fight for the American Boss in city politics, and we must say the chances are that he will get it.

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Mayor Strong's message, coming after his appointments to the few places he has filled, is an additional assurance to the public that he has not forgotten the pledges which he made before election. He declares that "municipal administration can and should be made a matter of practical business, differing chiefly in the magnitude of interests involved," and that he shall endeavor to name for office "men whose capabilities are their endorsement." His appointments thus far have been on a level with these professions, and in this respect his conduct is in refreshing contrast with that of his Tammany predecessors, who, while making the most extravagant professions of determination to fill the offices with only the best men, regularly filled

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them with the worst. Mayor Strong shows practical wisdom also in refraining from more than brief comment upon the various municipal departments until he has examined their condition and needs. He will in this respect follow the example set by Mayor Hewitt in 1888, and send a series of special messages to the Board of Aldermen, taking up the departments, one or more at a time, reviewing them and making suggestions which will "enable our fellow-citizens to clearly understand the somewhat complicated management of public affairs." Mayor Hewitt's special messages were the most instructive and valuable documents of their kind ever put before the community; but the public mind was so little alive at the time to the need of an honest and intelligent government of the city that they commanded very little attention. Mayor Strong will address the public in a much more favorable time, and we have little doubt that the response to his suggestions will be far more encouraging than it was to Mayor Hewitt's.

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We have no wish to depreciate Superintendent Byrnes on mere suspicion, or any ground which he has not himself supplied. But we must say again, as we have said before, that the accumulation of a fortune while in the police service by means of police services secretly rendered to outsiders, is likely to destroy his influence over his subordinates. Besides this, the mere knowledge that such accumulation is possible is enough to ruin the *morale* of any man in the police who has once risen above the ranks, if he sees that it can be made without discredit. It is sure to make him despise his regular pay and to set him looking out for lucrative jobs. This would be true if the police force were now all it should be. But in its present venal condition the example would act on it with redoubled force. In addition to this, Superintendent Byrnes is disliked and distrusted by a very large proportion of the voters who have brought about the present opportunity for reform. Would it be wise for Mayor Strong to fly in the face of this prejudice, even if it be ill founded, and try to reform the force through instruments in which the public would not have thorough faith? It is not as though there was nobody but Superintendent Byrnes to do the work of reorganization. There are at least two or three gentlemen available and thoroughly competent for it, with whose motives and characters no fault can be found. Nothing is more necessary in an administrative reform than to avoid the retention of discredited agents. All who have for any reason forfeited the public confidence should "go." Superintendent Byrnes has rendered great services to New York city in the last thirty years. This should not be forgotten in spite of all that has happened. But there prevails everywhere but in New York a salutary custom which compels men in high places to retire when public trust in them has been weakened, and we think Superintendent Byrnes should obey it, even if Sheehan does not. Mayor Strong may rely on it, nothing but new brooms will do the work he has in hand.

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In the published statement of Jay Gould's personal estate there appears among the claims the following item and entry: "S. B. French, $9,716.04, no value." French is our old friend Steve, of the Police Board, the famous "bi-partisan." He declines to say why Jay Gould paid or lent him this sum, but it is entirely safe to say that Gould did not give it to him except for full and adequate return of some kind. It cannot have been lent on Steve's note alone. It was given, of course, while Steve was in active service as a "bi-partisan." We wish very much that Steve would give us a full and frank explanation of the transaction, as it might throw light on Gould's other relations to the Police Department.

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The attempt of the Governor of Texas to secure under the extradition law the sending to that State of men who have never been within its limits, on the claim that they have violated the anti-Trust law of the commonwealth, is followed by the refusal of an Ohio judge to surrender to Kentucky one of her criminals on grounds quite as untenable. A negro named Hampton, under indictment for a crime in Kentucky, escaped to Ohio. He was arrested, and his case was taken before Judge Buchwalter of Cincinnati. The papers were in regular form, but the judge refused to order Hampton's surrender unless he could have a letter from the Governor of Kentucky and the sheriff of the county where the crime was committed, giving assurances that he would be protected from a mob and given a fair trial. The judge's defence was that he had lately sent two colored men back to Kentucky and Georgia, both of whom had been lynched. Gov. Brown of Kentucky very properly treats the demand of the judge with contempt. He easily shows that it contravenes the Constitution of the United States, which says that a person charged in any State with crime "who shall flee from justice and be found in another State, shall, on demand of the executive authority of the State from which he fled, be delivered up, to be removed to the State having jurisdiction of the crime." It would be as absurd to hold that the authorities of one State must be satisfied with the administration of justice in another State before they would surrender a criminal as to maintain that a man who, it is claimed, is connected with a combination that has violated the laws of a State, can be treated as having fled from justice when he never was in the State. This is true even if, as is alleged, the Ohio judge has, in a State statute, some color of justification for his action.

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The encounter between the Rev. Lem Penrod and Mr. John Slate at Grassy Creek, Kentucky, the other day, on the subject of infant baptism, will, we fear, cause a good deal of unreasonable scandal. Finding it impossible to get Slate to take a proper view of this important ordinance, Penrod drew a revolver and shot (probably merely as a warning) at Slate's leg, the ball passing through his boot. Slate, instead of taking this in a proper spirit, "rushed at the minister," whose resources at close quarters were not, however, exhausted, for he produced a butcher knife and endeavored to slash Slate's abdomen, but only reached his trousers. Friends then stopped the fray. This attempt on Slate's abdomen we cannot excuse, Slate's head being the real seat of his error; but in a fray it is, of course, difficult to plant one's blows where they will do the most good. But we must not too hastily condemn the Rev. Penrod's methods, for infant baptism is by no means the only doctrine erroneous views on which have been corrected with the knife or the bullet. There is hardly a single theological error which in times past has not been corrected by cuts, bruises, and burns. Penrod is simply an anachronism, but we trust he will keep an eye on Slate, and get him right somehow eventually.

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The output of books is a good trade indication, and, judging by the returns of the English book-market, to be found in the *Publishers' Circular*, the year 1894 shows a considerable recovery from the world-wide financial depression. More new books by 171 were published in 1894 than in 1893, while the reprints—that sure sign of distress or uncertainty in the book-making business—were less by 68. Coming down to the classifications, we find theology scoring its customary increase, but science, education, and law increasing in still greater proportion, while belles-lettres and essays beat them all, the advance in the latter case being from 96 new issues in 1893 to 370 in 1894. Novels and tales jump from 935 to 1,315, but this is pretty well balanced by the decline in juveniles from 659 to 269. The question of accurate classification comes in here, as the *Circular* observes, and the difficulty of shading off stories told for the young from tales in general may account for the ups and downs in the two sets of figures. A better way would be to reckon both classes together, and then we should find the general group of fiction to have been about stationary in point of number in the two years. On the whole, the literary year shows a picking up of courage on the part of publishers. The American figures will probably reflect, as they usually do, conditions similar to those given for the English trade.

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*INTERNATIONAL ARBITRATION.*

THE subject of international arbitration has been brought to the attention of the people afresh by the presence here of Mr. Cremer, the president of the Peace Society of Great Britain. It is forgotten, apparently, that Mr. Cremer comes hither at our own invitation. This invitation was publicly communicated in the proceedings of the International American Conference, held during Mr. Harrison's administration under the presidency of James G. Blaine, secretary of state. This conference assembled at Washington October 2, 1889. It remained in session under the presidency of Mr. Blaine till April 19, 1890. On the 17th of April it adopted a project of a treaty for the settlement by arbitration of all international disputes with one exception, which exception was in the following words:

"Art. IV. The sole questions excepted from the provisions of the preceding article are those which, in the judgment of any of the nations involved in the controversy, may imperil its independence; in which case, for such nation, arbitration shall be optional, but it shall be obligatory upon the adversary power."

The plan was supported and voted for by the representatives of all the conferees except Chili. In its preamble it recited that war is the most cruel, the most fruitless, and the most dangerous expedient for the settlement of international differences; that the growth of moral principles among civilized peoples has created an earnest desire for the amicable adjustment of such differences; that the conference considered it a duty to lend its assent to the lofty principles which the most enlightened public sentiment of the world approves, and accordingly did "solemnly recommend" all the governments there represented to form a treaty of arbitration on certain lines, which it proceeded to indicate.

Whenever a project for a general plan of arbitration is proposed, the Jingoists, with an air of superior wisdom, tell us that anybody who sits down and attempts to draw up a working scheme will find it entirely impracticable. The International American Conference did not find it so. On the contrary, it discovered and proved that the only obstacle in the way of a general plan of arbitration hitherto had been an unwillingness to enter into it. All difficulties were composed as soon as the parties desired to compose them. The project provided that arbitration should be obligatory in all controversies concerning diplomatic and consular privileges, boundaries, territories, indemnities, the right of navigation, and the construction of treaties, and in all other cases, with the single exception noted, even though the controversies antedated the present treaty. It was provided that courts of arbitration should be appointed jointly by the governments concerned, and that in case they could not agree, each government should appoint an equal number, and the arbitrators themselves should appoint an umpire, who should vote only on questions where the arbitrators failed to agree. The court of arbitration might select its own place of meeting unless the governments concerned should agree upon a place. All questions should be decided by a majority vote, even though a minority should withdraw from the conference, and in such case the majority should continue in session until all the questions in dispute were decided, and the decisions of the majority should be final. Nations entering into the agreement were not allowed to withdraw except with the consent of all the others. The agreement was to continue twenty years, and until one of the parties should give one year's notice of its desire to withdraw. It should remain in force as to the others until they gave similar notice.

The next day, April 18, the following proposition was reported by the committee on arbitration, and was adopted:

"The International American Conference resolves: That this conference, having recommended arbitration for the settlement of disputes among the republics of America, begs leave to express the wish that controversies between them and the nations of Europe may be settled in the same friendly manner. It is further recommended that the government of each nation herein represented communicate this wish *to all friendly powers*."

An additional resolution was adopted declaring "that the principle of conquest shall not, during the continuance of the treaty of arbitration, be recognized as admissible under American public law." Finally Mr. Blaine declared that this was a new *Magna Charta*, and the greatest work of the conference. He said in his concluding speech:

"If, in this closing hour, the conference had but one deed to celebrate, we should dare call the world's attention to the deliberate, confident, solemn dedication of two great continents to peace, and to the prosperity which has peace for its foundation. We hold up this new *Magna Charta*, which abolishes war and substitutes arbitration between the American Republics, as the first and great fruit of the International American Conference. That noblest of Americans, the aged poet and philanthropist, Whittier, is the first to send his salutation and his benediction, declaring, 'If, in the spirit of peace, the American Conference agrees upon a rule of arbitration which shall make war in this hemisphere well-nigh impossible, its sessions will prove one of the most important events in the history of the world.'"

It may be affirmed that our status on the subject of arbitration was well fixed by the two great precedents known to the present generation; that of Geneva on the *Alabama* claims, and that of Paris on the Bering Sea question. These were notable triumphs in the direction of "peace on earth and good will towards men," but it needed, perhaps, the broad generalization of the International American Conference to distinguish us among the world's great powers as the champion of this mode of settling international disputes. It scarcely needs to be said that a treaty of general arbitration, like any other treaty, may be denounced in an extreme case, and that each nation is the judge of the circumstances constituting an extreme case. The value of such a treaty is that it gives the initiative and the advantage to the friends of peace in every case of international dispute, and compels the Jingo party to play second fiddle. It puts a moral compulsion upon the nation to try peaceful methods first. And so it will be found in nine cases out of ten that war is avoidable.

*SOCIAL DEFENCE AND PROGRESS.*

A SORT of league has just got under way in Paris called the "Comité de Défense et de Progrès Social." Founded by Anatole Leroy-Beaulieu and like-minded men, its aim is declared to be to make a stand against the growing perils of socialism. By means of public lectures and pamphlets, and by political organization, if necessary, it hopes to vindicate all that is excellent in the present social order, at the same time that it shows sympathy for all rational and feasible reform. The league is for advance movements as well as for defence. It makes no pretence that all is for the best in the best of worlds. Strong as is its conviction of the worth and necessity of such a social organization as we now have, it will not commit itself to blind and indiscriminate praise of existing institutions, but will admit their weak points, and work as heartily as any other for improvement. All it insists upon is that the whole structure shall not be destroyed under the name of improvement.

Such an initiative seems well conceived and likely to be of much use in France. That country has been too much given to creating a new heaven and a new earth overnight. Lowell called it a "French fallacy" to suppose that "a new system of government could be ordered like a new suit of clothes." To the slower and more tenacious Anglo-Saxon this would seem as unreasonable as to order a new suit of flesh and skin. As Prof. Freeman said: "At no moment have Englishmen sat down to put together a wholly new constitution in obedience to some dazzling theory." Doubtless one reason of the ease with which French socialists get a hearing and credence and a political following is to be found in the traditional French facility in making new constitutions out of hand and voting-in the millennium on the spot. It is an encouraging thing, therefore, to find a body of influential Frenchmen coming over to the Anglo-Saxon view, that government and society are built up by painful efforts and slow accretions; that what we have laboriously acquired should not be given up at the demand of every theorist who comes along, and that even those reforms that can be shown to be urgent and possible should be entered upon only with caution and careful experiment.

A firm grasp of this truth is the chief merit of the article by Dr. J. H. Denison on "The Survival of the American Type" in the January *Atlantic*. Our system of government, our respect for law, our methods of local administration, the free course we offer individual and corporate enterprise, constitute a type, an organism,

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back of which lie long centuries of struggle and sacrifice. Thus the issue with which socialism confronts us is: "Shall we develop the present forces, or shall we throw away nature's plan and give up the Anglo-Saxon organic nation in which law is reduced to a minimum?" It is the type itself which is on trial, which is struggling for existence. None of the schemes afloat in sentimental heads about a division of property, about the abolition of poverty and of grinding toil, is fairly and properly considered unless its destructive effect on the whole American conception of government and society is taken into the account. When that conception is felt to be attacked and imperilled, its defenders may be excused for heat and vehemence in repelling the assault.

Just here it is well to ask who are the most ardent defenders of the system of free competition and Government interference reduced to the minimum. It is common to say that they are the great capitalists, the large employers, the money kings. It is the men in Wall Street whom the Populists and Socialists think they are making "tremble" when they talk about confiscatory taxes and the state assuming control of all industries. But this is all a delusion. Great property is the least concerned about such matters. It can always defend itself. Who can imagine a man like Jay Gould caring very much about the kind of government he lived under? A collectivist government would have no terrors for him. It would mean only a few more officials to bribe, or, if the burden became too grievous to be borne, a grand smash and a new Cæsar at the head of affairs, with an aristocracy of wealth in which the Goulds would figure as dukes and viscounts. No, the men who really tremble and are saddened at the way in which short-sighted humanitarianism or reckless agitators would destroy in a year what it has taken centuries to build up, are the men who have at stake not so much their property as their sentiments and convictions. Just in proportion to their historical and political knowledge, just in proportion to the sympathy with which they have entered into the long struggle which has finally secured us freedom under law, do they dread and denounce crude plans of innovation.

Yet it is precisely these men, too, who are really the best and truest friends of reform and progress. This is an admirable thing in the programme of the French association referred to. It will not be put in the position of unyielding conservatism. It is for progress in what is good as well as for defence of what is good. It says to impatient schemers, Show us a reasonable prospect of social betterment without greater social damage involved, and nowhere will it be more welcome or find heartier advocacy. This is the attitude of rational and humane men in all countries. They suspect violent and sweeping changes. Reform which is to last they know has always come about, and they believe always will come about, by painful steps and slow. But they are no champions of stagnation. Of all men they are the ones who are most attentive to "the still small voice that speaks to the conscience and the heart, prompting us to a wider and wiser humanity."

## *END OF THE POLICE JUSTICES.*

THE Committee of Seventy has done an extremely popular as well as wise thing in deciding to abolish the police-court system rather than to attempt its reform. The able and experienced lawyers to whom was assigned the work of drafting a reformatory measure upon this subject reached the conclusion very early in their deliberations that the present system was so thoroughly bad, and had become so thoroughly odious, that reform of it was out of the question. Death, instantaneous and certain, was the only adequate remedy for it. They therefore prepared a bill which abolishes both the system and the name, and which gives us in its place a new system of inferior courts of criminal jurisdiction, with nine city magistrates and five justices of the Court of Special Sessions. No man can become a city magistrate or justice who has not been for ten years at least in active practice as attorney and counsellor at law in the courts of the State.

Our present bench of police justices, fifteen in number, will give way to a bench of nine city magistrates, whose term will be ten years, and whose salary will be $7,000. The police-justice term is ten years and the salary is $8,000. This reduction in number brings the force of magistrates down to the court-house capacity of this city, and thus makes it possible for all the magistrates to be on duty every day. At present, since there are only nine places for the police justices to sit in, six of them are idle every day in the year. Divver was able to show on his recent trial that though he had been absent for weeks and even months at a time, he was no more neglecting his duties than were his associates. As a matter of fact, there was no excuse whatever for the increase of the number of police justices which was made in a Platt-Tammany "deal" in 1890, except to provide "places" for four more workers at $8,000 a year. The new bill undoes this act of public plunder, and also provides against possible neglect of duty hereafter by requiring that a city magistrate shall be in constant attendance in each of the courts between the hours of nine in the morning and five in the afternoon on every day except Sundays and holidays. The five city justices who are to constitute the Court of Special Sessions, are to serve for a term of ten years and receive a salary of $9,000 a year. They are to take the place of the present Court of Special Sessions, which is made up of three police justices, who are assigned by the full body of police justices, and who are allowed to sit alternately and as often and at such times as they may think expedient. The new justices are required to sit in every month of the year, and three of them must be present at every session.

It is evident from even this brief outline of the bill that the new system provides a method of inferior criminal justice which is as far removed as possible from the present system. In the first place, it abolishes utterly and for ever from the bench the Divvers, Martins, Meades, Hogans, and their kind by its requirement as to practice at the bar. Grady and Koch and a few others of the present list of indescribables are, we believe, nominally members of the bar, but the amount and kind of their practice are not such as would permit any mayor with reasonable respect for the law under which he was acting to appoint them to the bench. They were not put on the bench because they were lawyers, but for far different reasons. Every effort that has been made for the last quarter of a century to have the requirement of practice at the bar for a fixed period put into the law, has been opposed bitterly by Tammany and its Republican allies and has been defeated. This feature of the new law is likely to be the chief centre of attack now, for it will not merely put Justices Taintor and Meade, both Republicans, off the old bench, but will bar them from admission to the new. Still, it is the all-important feature of the new system, and must not be allowed to be either modified or omitted.

Nothing ought to be allowed to stand in the way of this, the most pressing and beneficent of all the reforms hoped for at the hands of the Legislature and Mayor Strong. It is impossible to overestimate the benefits which will accrue to the city if Mayor Strong is allowed to equip these new courts with upright, able, and honorable men. They will at once become the centres of law and justice, and cease to be, as they have been for years and are to-day, the centres of "pulls," politics, and injustice, and the actual allies of crime. They will become pure instead of impure fountain-heads of justice, protecting and aiding rather than oppressing and robbing the poor and the helpless, punishing rather than shielding criminals, aiding and directing the police in enforcing the laws rather than baffling them or conniving with them in violating the laws. Of all the shames which have fallen upon us as a city through Tammany rule, that of the police courts has been the blackest and most inexcusable.

We have entire confidence both in the supply of reputable lawyers for the new courts and in Mayor Strong's determination to put only men of that kind into them. The drafters of the new bill have concluded wisely not to reduce the salaries below limits which would make it possible for lawyers of character and ability to accept the positions. They have provided

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adequate pay, and they have also provided that adequate service shall be rendered in return. In fact, their system creates for the city a dignified, intelligent, honest tribunal of justice for all classes, and especially for the poor and helpless, for the first time in our history, at least since Tammany became a power: and it will be a serious reflection upon our civilization and our capacity for self-government if we do not insist upon its adoption.

### THE ARMENIAN TROUBLE.

THERE is imminent danger that the attempt of the European powers to interfere on behalf of the Armenians will come to nothing. England is the only one which is pushing vigorously for an inquiry today, and the Sultan is resisting her fiercely. He has long borne her a grudge as the most persistent of his persecutors, and this has been aggravated by the occupation of Egypt, concerning which the French lose no opportunity of inflaming his mind. Against this, however, England could contend if she had the hearty support of Russia, for Russia is the only power capable of coercing the Porte without much trouble or outlay. She could occupy Armenia at any moment, and the Sultan could do nothing either to prevent or avenge it. But Russia gives only a half-hearted support to the English remonstrances, and is quite ostentatious in her display of friendliness to the Turks. It is not impossible that, were the facts all known in Russia, there would be an outbreak of sympathy with the Armenian Christians not unlike that which followed the Bulgarian massacres in 1876, and led to the war of 1877. But pains are taken, as is credibly reported, either to prevent the news from reaching the Russian people or to minimize its importance. Germany turns a cold shoulder to the whole affair, following her policy of non-interference established by Bismarck in 1877, when he announced that he would not sacrifice one Pomeranian grenadier for the whole Bulgarian population. Italy's help, in the present condition of her morals and finances, is, of course, hardly worth considering. To crown all, the snow at the scene of the massacres is so deep, and the cold so intense, that it is doubtful whether commissioners and witnesses could get at each other, without great difficulty and hardship, for at least two months if not more.

All this brings out in a striking manner the value of the Eastern policy of Lord Beaconsfield, who was for twenty years one of the great Tory idols, and to whose memory they still burn incense. He stipulated, indeed, with the Turks at Berlin that the Armenians were to be well treated, but, as plainly appears, without the smallest expectation of enforcing the stipulation or of providing any means of doing so. In truth, he concluded a sort of defensive alliance with the Turks, for which the island of Cyprus was to be the consideration. But Cyprus has turned out not only a worthless possession but a great burden. The defensive alliance, moreover, is something with which the Turks would be glad to dispense, and the existence of which is offensive to Russia, for it provides that if Russia seeks to occupy any more Turkish territory, besides what she had already seized in the war, "England engages to join his imperial Majesty the Sultan in defending it by force of arms." It is now quite certain that England would do nothing of the kind, and would gladly be rid of the island of Cyprus.

Moreover, there is every likelihood that, during the coming summer, home affairs will withdraw English attention from most foreign topics. It is generally acknowledged by the Liberals that the dissolution of Parliament and a general election are near at hand, and the prospects of a Liberal victory are not good. Not only have the Home-Rulers "soured on" Lord Rosebery, as our politicians say, but the Independent Labor party is attacking the Liberals in the rear, and in many localities making a return of the Liberal members hopeless. It is quite possible that if the Tories came in, Lord Salisbury might seek to divert attention from home troubles by an active foreign policy; but one of the things in the democratic movement in England which most alarm Conservatives is the growing indifference of the masses to imperial or foreign affairs, so that the probabilities are in favor of some sort of fostering of socialistic nostrums for which the Tories have of late shown a strong taste.

What our Government can do in the Armenian matter, or whether it can do anything, is a fair subject for discussion. We have had one snub, in the attempt to take part in the inquiry, and, generally speaking, the methods of Turkish government are none of our business. But wholesale massacre is in our time the affair of the civilized world. It is not government, or a method of government. It is a crime against the human race. We can no more pass it without notice because we do not suffer from it, than pass pirates without notice on the high seas because they attack none of our ships. The whole of Christendom, including ourselves, has a right to refuse to treat a power which perpetrates such atrocities as are said to have occurred in Armenia, as within the pale of ordinary diplomatic intercourse. Diplomatic relations rest on the basis of a common civilization and common notions of humanity and justice, so that we might very well consider the refusal of the Porte to satisfy us as to the truth of the charges, as a good reason for an interruption of friendly diplomatic intercourse. The solemn warnings of Washington against foreign meddling, the wisdom of which has been proved by the experience of a century, do not touch this case. He denounces passionate attachments to, or passionate hatreds of, foreign nations. He denounces foreign influence on our domestic politics. He denounces political connections and permanent alliances with foreign states. But none of these warnings cuts us off from remonstrance with the perpetrators of gross cruelty or injustice, on a great scale, in any part of Christendom, and there is no nation which could speak with greater force for the common rights of humanity than we could, particularly just now, when every power in Europe seems to be approaching the Armenian horror with the Tammany question, "What is there in this for me?"

### ALEXANDER IRELAND AND EMERSON.—II.

NEW YORK, January 1, 1895.

IN 1843 Mr. Ireland settled in Manchester. Carlyle's edition of Emerson's first Essays (1841) had excited much attention there, which was increased by the publication of the second series (1844). In 1845 the Manchester *Examiner* was founded by some Liberals of that region, among them John Bright, M. P., who during its first two years often wrote the leading articles. In 1846 Alexander Ireland became its managing partner, and held that position for thirty-five years. The new journal paid especial attention to literature, and by this means his literary friendships were greatly extended. One of his most important friendships was that formed with the eloquent lecturer George Dawson (whose Life he wrote, 1882), and while they were together on the Lakes (1846) Ireland visited Wordsworth. He had the happiness of completing the aged poet's collection of portraits with one of Ben Jonson. In the summer of the same year he derived great pleasure from the visit of Margaret Fuller, who (August 17, 1846) sends him the poems of Ellery Channing and "a sketch of travel in some of our Western States, by myself"; and on October 6 wrote him from London:

"I am much pleased to have your feeling of 'Margaret.' As you say, there are such things in real life, yet I fancy the picture, like that of an antique Venus, was painted from study of several models. The writer, Sylvester Judd (a name as truly American in its style as one of his own invention, Beulah Ann Orff), is a man approaching middle age who has heretofore only made himself remarked by one or two strokes of character of a kind noble and original. I have never seen him, but some years ago received from him this message, 'that he wished me to know I had one admirer in the State of Maine,' a distinction of which I am not a little proud, now that I have read his book. He is a clergyman, but it seems has not for that forgot to be a man. Time allows me now to say no more, except that I am ever, dear sir, in friendly heart and faith, yours, S. M. FULLER.—P. S. Should you see Dr. and Mrs. Hodgson and Mrs Ames, remember us [she was travelling with Mr. and Mrs. Marcus Spring] to them with grateful regard. I should be much interested at any time to know what any or all of you are doing for the good of others, and your own, what feeling, what hoping; to the new fraternity I think we belong, whose glory is service, whose motto *Excelsior*."

Mr. Ireland was a good deal stirred by Margaret Fuller's accounts of Emerson's lectures and growing influence in America, and resolved to make an effort to get him to England. Mr. William Lloyd Garrison passed two

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days (October 12, 13, 1846) in Manchester, and naturally received a hearty welcome from the manager of the *Examiner*, who seems to have followed him to Liverpool. At any rate, on the day when Mr. Garrison sailed for America, November 4, Mr. Ireland was on shipboard with him, and confided to him a pencilled note to Emerson, very brief, but pregnant with important results. In his reply to it ("Concord, 28th Dec., 1846") Emerson said:

"I was very glad to be reminded by your concise note, written on shipboard and conveyed to me by Mr. Garrison, of our brief intercourse thirteen years ago, and which it seems has not yet quite ended. Your affectionate expressions towards me and my friends are very grateful to me; and, indeed, what better thing do men or angels know of than an enduring kindness? In regard to your inquiry whether I shall visit England now or soon, the suggestion is new and unlooked for, yet opens to me at once so many flattering possibilities that I shall cheerfully entertain it, and perhaps we may both see it ripen one day to a fact. Certainly it would be much more practicable and pleasant to me to answer an invitation than to come into your cities and challenge an audience."

But Ireland was unwilling to have this matter adjourned, and again urged the visitation, no doubt after correspondence with friends. So I judge by a further letter (February 28, 1847) of which he (Ireland) gave me a copy, in which Emerson says he had "not anticipated so prompt an execution of the project as you suggest," and adds:

"I feel no call to make a visit of literary propagandism in England. All my impulses to work of that kind would rather employ me at home. It would be still more unpleasing to me to put upon a few friends the office of collecting an audience for me by much advertisement and coaxing. At the same time it would be very agreeable to me to accept any good invitation to read lectures from institutions, or from a number of individuals who sympathized with my studies. But though I possess a good many decisive tokens of interest in my pursuits and way of thinking from sundry British men and women, they are widely sundered persons, and my belief is that in no one city, except perhaps in London, could I find any numerous company to whom my name was favourably known. If I were younger, it would give me great pleasure to come to England and collect my own audience, as I have done at home here; and I have that confidence in my favourite topics and in my own habits, that I should undertake the affair without the least distrust. But perhaps my ambition does not give to a success of this kind that importance it has had for me. At all events, in England I incline rather to take than to give the challenge. You must not suffer your own friendly feelings to give the smallest encouragement to the design. It would be strange but most agreeable to me to renew our brief yet never-forgotten acquaintance of thirteen or fourteen years ago in Edinburgh."

Meantime Ireland had, as Carlyle wrote Emerson from Yorkshire, "awakened all this North Country into the fixed hope of hearing you." On March 18, 1847, Carlyle writes: "I had furthermore seen your Manchester correspondent, Ireland, an old Edinborough acquaintance too, as I found. A solid, dark, broad, rather heavy man; full of energy, and broad sagacity and practicality; infinitely well affected to the man Emerson too. It was our clear opinion that you might come at any time with ample assurance of 'succeeding,' so far as wages went, and otherwise; that you ought to come, and must, and would—as he, Ireland, would farther write you."

Ireland, who had many eminent friends, Leigh Hunt among them, not only wrote innumerable letters, but travelled to the more important places, enlisting every man and woman interested in literature, all "progressives," writing paragraphs in many papers. He created for Emerson's sake a higher order of lecture machinery and system than any then existing, one that lasted many years. The arrangements duly made and reported, Emerson answered, July 31, 1847:

"I owe you hearty thanks for your effective attention to my affair, which was attractive enough to me in the first proposition, and certainly assumes in your hands a feasible shape. I have a good deal of domestic immoveableness—being fastened down by wife and children, by books and studies, by pear-trees and apple-trees—but, after much hesitation, can find no sufficient resistance to this animating invitation, and I decide to go to England in the autumn. . . . Meantime, I beg you not to give yourself any further pains in this matter, which I fear has already cost you much. It will give me pleasure to speak to bodies of your English people, but I am sure it will give *me* much more to meet with yourself and other honoured individuals in private; and I see well that, if there were no lecturing, I should not fail to find a solid benefit in the visit."

On September 30 Emerson writes that he will leave Boston on a ship, not a steamer, the *Washington Irving*, October 5. On the 22d of that month he was with Ireland in Manchester, and the same evening at Carlyle's house in London. The details of Emerson's lecturing tour in England I have given in my 'Emerson at Home and Abroad,' but I have since found reasons for ascribing to it the dignity of a Visitation. He appeared at a moment when, as I heard J. S. Mill say, "Carlyle was turning against his friends." The causes of this revolution in Carlyle's mind, and whether it was in a right or wrong direction, cannot be discussed here; but certain it is that early in 1848 he began to be regarded by some sheep of his pasture as a doubtful leader. Frederick the Great began to supersede the Chartist in him. Throughout England his disciples flocked after Emerson, who kept up the old Carlyle standard. This was more than Mrs. Carlyle's flesh and blood could bear, and she angrily complained to a visitor (Espinasse) that he talked too much about Emerson. It was unwise in Froude to publish this ebullition of jealousy, and still worse to reveal the scar of the wound which Carlyle felt, but confessed to no mortal. Carlyle's long-healed wound was transferred and made fresh in the hearts of his old friends, and none felt it more keenly than Ireland, who wrote me:

"I am just now busy with Froude's new volumes More ought to have been said about Emerson's never-to-be-forgotten solicitude for Carlyle's interests, and his regular sending of monies to him from the American reprints of his books, when he was receiving nothing from English publishers—thus keeping the Chelsea pot boiling. I am surprised and disappointed to find how he is spoken of by Carlyle. *E. g.:*

"'Emerson is now in England, in the North, lecturing to Mechanics' Institutes, etc —in fact, though he knows it not, to a band of intellectual *canaille*. [This is too bad. Emerson's audiences consisted of earnest and thoughtful men and women—just the kind of minds that sought strength and courage from Carlyle's own writings.] Came here and stayed with us some days on his first arrival. Very *exotic;* of smaller dimensions, too, and differed much from me, as a gymnosophist sitting idle on a flowery bank may do from a wearied worker and wrestler passing that way with many of his bones broken. Good of him I could get none, except from his friendly looks and elevated exotic polite ways; and he would not let me sit silent for a minute. Solitary on that side too, then? Be it so, if so it must be.'

"Contrast this with what Carlyle wrote to others about his admiration for Emerson, and with what he wrote to Emerson himself. [Here follow extracts; *e.g.:* "I do not know another man in all the world to whom I can speak with clear hope of getting adequate response from him."] I have a good mind to send these to the *Athenæum* to be printed in parallel columns with the extracts from Froude's book which I have given. It is difficult to reconcile these utterances of Carlyle."

It will be seen by reference to the Emerson-Carlyle correspondence that after Emerson had departed, Carlyle felt somewhat guilty (ii., p. 216, *seq*), and many times uttered his gratitude and affection. Never did I visit the Chelsea home but the first question of both inmates was concerning Emerson, and the last words Carlyle ever said to me (a short time before his death) were: "Give my love to Emerson. I still think of his visit to us in Craigenputtock as the most beautiful thing in our experience there."

This little history must draw to a close, though before me are many letters from Ireland, and some from Emerson, which tempt me to prolong it. When Emerson's house was burned in 1872, Ireland was the first of those who induced me to send from England proffers of assistance in rebuilding it (which Emerson gratefully appreciated, but declined), and when Emerson reached London (November, 1872), Ireland was already there waiting for him. The meeting between these old friends was touching. Emerson remembered individually the young scholars and thinkers whom Ireland introduced to him twenty-five years before, some of whom had travelled from distant parts of the country to sit at his feet in Manchester, where he had lived two months. No one was better able to give him account of each and every one of them than Ireland (whose correspondence, should it ever appear, will be a detailed history of scores of interesting men and women little known to the world, as well as of others who became noted). To quote Mr. Ireland:

"He spent the last two days of this, his final visit to England, under my roof, along with his devoted daughter, Ellen. This afforded an opportunity of bringing together many of his old friends and hearers of 1847–8, whom he was well pleased to meet. To every one he gave a few minutes, and the stream of conversation flowed on for several hours. After all the guests had departed he indulged in a cigar, and expressed his gratification at having met so many 'good people,' as he called them. 'Would that I could have held converse with each for half-an-hour.'"

I have perhaps said too little of Mr. Ireland's own contributions to literature, which are of high value. He had attained a unique position in England, was much consulted by literary men, and was honored with banquets by several literary clubs and societies. Nearly every literary American visiting England was entertained in his house. Among his dearest friends was Mr. Horace Fairchild, sometime consul in his neighborhood, with whom he has corresponded for many years. In 1865 he assisted Mr. Fairchild and an American friend of his in securing a complete set of the publications of the Anti-Corn-Law League, a unique collection now in New York. Ireland from time to time wrote literary articles for the Manchester *Guardian*, his last being one on the death of Oliver Wendell Holmes. He received many cordial letters from America—from Holmes, Lowell, Prof. Norton, Miss Peabody, and others. He possessed a grand library, which contained many rare volumes.

My aim has been mainly to call attention to the fact that Emerson's fruitful lecturing tour in England was altogether, and his wide influence there largely, due to Alexander Ireland. It is, I believe, well understood by those acquainted with Emerson's career, that he himself was greatly influenced as a public teacher by his experiences and friendships formed during that visit, and it is certain that he contributed much to the direction of the new life which Carlyle awakened but could not lead.

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During my long residence in England I have been brought into personal relations with nearly all of Emerson's old friends, and they cherished his memory as that of the man who did most to mould their lives. Many are now dead, but a considerable number of them gathered with the large assembly which in September last listened, in South Place Chapel, to Edward Emerson, who, beside the bust of his father, pedestalled amid flowers, read to them the correspondence between Ralph Waldo Emerson and John Sterling.

MONCURE D. CONWAY.

## THE LIBERAL PARTY.

LONDON, January 1, 1895.

THE Liberal party has met with a check in the result of the two bye-elections in Forfarshire and the Brigg division of Lincolnshire. In both cases there is a good deal to be said with truth by way of explanation. But the result remains, and, coming immediately after the question of the House of Lords had been formally raised by the Prime Minister, it shows that that question has not at once awakened a burst of enthusiasm. Liberals believe that the enthusiasm will come. The problem presents so many sides and offers so many alternatives that the country requires time to take it in, and it has been easy for adroit opponents of the Government, maladroit friends, and one or two malcontent adherents, to confuse the simple issue which is for the moment presented to the country—the predominance of the House of Commons. Meanwhile the bye-elections have revived the spirits of the Opposition. It is believed, at least in well-informed Liberal circles, that, in spite of the bluster of the Opposition press, the managers of the party were unwilling to precipitate a dissolution of Parliament. It may be that these recent successes have modified that view.

What the result of a dissolution might be, it is of course impossible to say. It may at first sight seem strange that in a country where the working-class electors far outnumber the rest, liberal government should not be sure of a substantial majority. The Liberal policy, at least for many years, after everything had been done for the middle classes, has been to extend or rather to create the political power of the workingman, to cut down every privilege in which he did not share, to shift burdens on to other shoulders than his. If I am not mistaken, Lord Salisbury published a magazine article two or three years before the franchise was extended to householders in counties, in which he assumed that, even then, under the existing distribution of seats, a Liberal majority must be permanent, and the subsequent Redistribution Act effected nothing to make the prediction less probable. It has not so turned out; but the truth is that, over and above the natural force of conservatism, which is powerful in every class in an old, prosperous, free, and, on the whole, well-governed country, there are stumbling-blocks in the path of the Liberal party, and hindrances from within sufficient to account for the party being weaker than it ought to be.

Take, for example, the politicians who describe themselves as the Independent Labor party. It has as yet only one representative in the House of Commons, Mr. Keir Hardie, who has expounded its objects in an able article in the new number of the *Nineteenth Century*. But while it counts only one member of Parliament, and its prospects of gaining any more at the next election are extremely doubtful, it draws its voting power mainly from the Liberals; at the last election in Scotland alone it handed over three safe Liberal seats to the Tories; it has nearly done the same in other cases; and it has the will and probably the power to do so again at the next election. Why, it may be asked, should a labor party not act with the Liberals? The formula of the new party is frank socialism. Their object is "the collective ownership and control of the means of production, distribution, and exchange." That, of course, is an object which the Liberal party cannot accept. It is one which the country would not accept either now or at any period, however distant, to which political imagination can project itself. On the other hand, if the detailed programme of the party as distinct from the general formula be examined, containing such items as an eight-hour day, old-age pensions, taxation of unearned income "to extinction," while it contains several points on which Liberals could not go the whole way with them, there is not one in the direction of which Liberals have not been working more or less; and if the men of the new party took their place among Liberals as an extreme wing, in proportion to the force behind them they might get much of their own way. As a hostile force they are powerless except to spite and injure the Liberals and help to give victory to the Conservatives. They affect to despise Conservatism as a played-out force; but that is an error, as they would discover if they were to succeed in placing a Tory government in power for a long term of years.

The socialistic idea on which this new party is based suggests the explanation of such support as its leaders have obtained. With the growth of intelligence and education, the great contrast between the lot of the rich and of the poor—not to be based on any possible standard of merit, and all the more important when the brevity of human life is considered—is more vividly and deeply felt. It is so in all classes, to some extent in all political parties. The question is as to the remedy. Liberals believe that they have moved in the right direction and as fast as they were permitted by their opponents to go, by conferring on the working classes political power, in both imperial and local matters. The Socialists forget that they would be powerless without this instrument, which is hardly cool from the forging, and they reproach the Liberals for not giving them money or money's worth by law—comfort, leisure, all, by state agency. It is forgotten that since the enfranchisement of the working classes was completed, within a very few years, not a little has been done in the direction they desire, all by Liberal effort, some of it by the hand of a Conservative Government, such as free-education, allotment, and small-holdings acts, the poor relieved from taxation, the burdens of the rich increased, improved factory inspection, enhanced wages in Government works. Some of these changes must certainly lead to future development on a larger scale, for example, in the direction of increasing the powers of borough and county municipalities to take and use land. Then there is the important pledge to grant payment of members of Parliament—a measure by no means acceptable to every Liberal, but a good example of the concessions to their own opinions which the more special representatives of labor among Liberals can obtain by influence and argument.

The hostile attitude of the Socialists is probably due in part to the situation of the leaders. As a body they are doubtless as sincere in their convictions, not to say fanatical, as other men. Conscious of this, and in several cases of superior ability, though a few have gained considerable influence, they have not as a rule been taken at their own valuation by the world at large. The party managers have been most anxious to get some specially labor candidates accepted, even though their opinions might be extreme. But they have not been acceptable to the local Liberal committees. They take their revenge by becoming still more extreme and waging war against the party.

The gravamen of the charge of these leaders against the Liberal party is that it pursues political measures to the neglect of social measures. That this reproach is not justified I have already indicated. In fact, political reform was and is the necessary instrument by which social reform can be carried out. But this leads me to another but kindred category of the hindrances which beset the Liberal party. Having recently enfranchised the working classes, it is true that its main object in domestic affairs would naturally be, and in fact is, to attend to those interests of the masses which had been hitherto unrepresented, to watch, to guide, to satisfy consistently with justice the crowding aspirations of the new political force which it has let loose. But it has been the fate of the party that, in some measure from necessity, in some measure from other causes, many of the Liberal measures which have been most in the eye of the public, important as they are, just as they are, have in several cases directly affected only some sharply defined geographical area out of the whole kingdom, or have been mainly promoted by the middle rather than the working class, or in their particular form been likely to divide the working class—in short, did not strike any common chord in which the masses, or the great majority of them, would join. Such questions are the great question of Irish home rule, an imperial question in the highest sense, yet just as clearly a local one; disestablishment in Wales and in Scotland; and liquor legislation. The Socialists say, These be your gods; we want something more substantial. The Tories, of course, say, This is a policy of mere destruction and attacking of interests; we are all in favor of social legislation, which you will not give time for.

The measures I have mentioned have all one difficulty in common. If there be a necessity for a main stream of Liberal policy calculated to benefit directly the laboring masses and insure their support, the leading champions of these various reforms too often have made scant allowance for it. It is their bill and their interest which must take a front place. For the Irish leaders there is the most excuse, and latterly they have shown not the least measure of self-control and forbearance. The minatory language of the Nationalists has often been unbridled enough, but that is now mostly confined to the followers of Mr. Redmond. The Liberal party have taken up the cause, and they will not desert it. The masses of the British people have acknowledged to a most wonderful extent the justice of the Irish claim with unselfish sympathy. Mr. Gladstone tried to win the battle in one year, then in six or seven. It has taken longer. But it is an absolute impossibility, and the most of the Nationalists see it, that the centre of gravity of British politics should be perpetually kept on the other side of St. George's Channel. If it were attempted, the result would be Tory government largely recruited from Liberal votes. Patience and time are necessary.

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Disestablishment in Wales and Scotland is also a just claim. The former has long received the unanimous and cordial support of the Liberal party; but that is no reason, but the contrary, why it should be urged on with menace and almost with mutiny. In the same way Scottish disestablishment, a measure which many, perhaps most, of the supporters of the Established Church know is sure to come, has, perhaps, not gained by being included formally in the party programme before it was possible to press it to a conclusion. The prominence of the question at the last election weakened its own supporters, and weakened them greatly at the polls, from Mr. Gladstone downward. It is partly a middle-class question. In many constituencies the workingmen care little about it either way. Yet the lineal descendants of the clerical advisers who compelled Lesley to come down from the hill at Dunbar, when the Lord delivered them into the hand of Cromwell, have always insisted that this question should be put in the very front.

Again, take the liquor traffic. There is no doubt of the expediency of legislation or of the urgency of the problem. It ought, too, to be a workingman's question, and so it is. The pick of the workingmen are deeply interested in it. But the promoters of reform have always taken up a very uncompromising, and their leaders an impatient, attitude. Not only is the publican interest exceedingly powerful, but very drastic and unelastic proposals are apt to excite distrust and opposition among even respectable workingmen—unavowed, perhaps, but finding an outlet in the ballot box.

The object of all these bills is right, but the zeal which claims for each a first place, though it represents, from one cause or another, only a partial interest, is intemperate and damaging to the party and their own cause, which depend on the party, and on the party alone. Now one great cause of this feverish and menacing impatience is the struggle for parliamentary time; and one great cause of want of time, though not the only cause, is the House of Lords. Here, therefore, is an object of attack on which all promoters of particular measures may agree, and which, moreover, touches the interests, the spirit, the freedom of every citizen of the country. The response to Lord Rosebery's call has not come like a rushing wind. Liberals believe that it will come with increasing volume and harmony. Of his own position with respect to this question and the situation generally, I may take some other opportunity to speak. C. D.

## BENJAMIN CONSTANT.

PARIS, January 1, 1895.

SIGNORINA MELEGARI has collected many letters written by Benjamin Constant, and has published his diary, or "Journal Intime," written between the years 1804 and 1816. Constant wrote this diary for his own use, and took the precaution to write it in Greek letters. In 1871 only, M. Adrien de Constant, his cousin, who found this precious manuscript in his archives, transcribed it into Roman letters, but he suppressed some parts of it. The diary was published in instalments in the *International Review* at Rome.

There is another Diary, written before 1804, said to be in the archives of the Constant family, and which may some time be also published; there is even a third *Diarium*, which Constant kept for the eventual publication of his memoirs. Sainte-Beuve cited some notes on this Diarium which Constant gave to his secretary a few days before his death; but Signorina Melegari could find no trace of it anywhere. It is probably lost at present in some collection of autographs. For the period which precedes 1804, we find nothing in the work edited by Signorina Melegari but the letters written by Constant to his family, especially to his mother's sister, Madame de Nassau. It would have been better to follow the chronological order, and to give these letters before the "Journal Intime." As it is, we are obliged to jump back from 1816 to the years of the French Revolution.

Constant's letters are already partly known; some of them have been published from the manuscripts left by Charles de Constant, the cousin-german of Benjamin, to the Public Library of Geneva. The greater number of these were addressed to Madame de Nassau (who was born Chandieu). The new volume gives us also letters addressed to Madame de Charrière, with whom Constant maintained an intimacy for so many years. The letters of Constant to Madame Récamier were published in 1882 by Madame Lenormant, niece of Madame Récamier. As for the letters which Constant wrote to Madame de Staël, they have all been destroyed.

Benjamin Constant was born at Lausanne in 1767; his mother, Henriette de Chandieu, died in giving birth to him. He was brought up, and much spoiled, by his grandmother, Madame de Chandieu, and his aunt, Madame de Nassau. His father was a colonel in the service of Holland; all the noble families of Switzerland furnished officers to the Swiss regiments which served in the States, in France, in Rome, in Naples. It was the misfortune of Benjamin Constant to have had, in a sense, no nationality; to have lived, the greater part of his life—almost all his life—out of his own country. He was neither really Swiss, nor German, nor English, nor French; his horizon was wide, but perhaps too wide; he felt no real duties to any country, and was essentially a cosmopolitan, a citizen of the world. As he had no country, he had no real family; he never knew his mother, he saw little of his father; his aunt Nassau was an amiable friend to him, but nothing more; he was married twice, but never married for love, and he separated from his wives almost immediately after the marriage. His versatile mind, his egotism, never knew the restraint of duty: he felt only the influence of the passion of the hour. His moral nature was never developed, and he was unconscious of his want of morality. He was thrown very early, after short visits to Oxford and Edinburgh, into the midst of the philosophical school of Paris, when the French Revolution was already preparing.

During this first visit to Paris, in 1787, he led the most dissipated life, and made the acquaintance of Madame de Charrière (Miss Van Zuylen, married to a gentleman of the Pays de Vaud, M. de Charrière, who had his country house at Colombier, near Neuchâtel, the author of several novels, all now forgotten). He was twenty years old, she was already forty-seven, but she condescended to become the *marraine* of this *chérubin*, a much more precocious *chérubin* than that of Beaumarchais's "Mariage de Figaro." Benjamin's father, learning at Bois-le-Duc that his son was leading an idle life in Paris, ordered him to join him in Holland, instead of which Benjamin left for England. He consented, however, a little later to accept the post of chamberlain at the little court of Brunswick. There, in 1789, at the age of twenty-two, he agreed to a marriage with a lady-in-waiting of the Duchess Wilhelmine, Baroness of Cram. She was older than he, without any fortune, plain, violent, and quarrelsome. She soon gave him occasion to ask for a divorce.

Constant quickly became disgusted with the court of Brunswick. The Duke was at the head of an army which had entered France; Constant's heart was in reality on the side of the French revolutionists. "Our armies are in France," he writes to the Countess of Nassau (1792). "You must feel, in view of my relations and of the gratitude I owe to the chief of these armies, on which side I ought to be." But he was not really on the side he alludes to; at least, he was uncertain. He deprecates in his letters the 10th of August, the execrable 2d of September, but he has no sympathy for the émigrés. He despises the Girondists, and does not hesitate to call them "les soudoyés des émigrés." He blames Dumouriez; he says that half the French Assembly is sold to the foreigners. But we must read the letter written at this epoch to his aunt, Madame de Nassau, a document which proves how in very troubled times the clearest of minds (for Benjamin had a remarkably clear mind) find it difficult to take the true measure of men and of things.

Constant left Brunswick and returned to Switzerland. On the 17th of September, 1794, he met Madame de Staël for the first time; she was twenty-nine and he was twenty-seven years old. It has been said of Madame de Staël that the world was too small for her fiery soul. Constant was not long in falling under her powerful influence. He accompanied her to Paris in 1795, and, in her salon, became acquainted with Talleyrand, Narbonne, Montmorency, Barante, Jaucourt. He asked for letters of naturalization in France, and bought, not far from Chantilly, the estate of Hérivaux, the westernmost and wildest part of the ancient domain of the Condés. From that moment his life was mixed up with the history of constitutional ideas in France, as he became the champion of the doctrines which Madame de Staël had developed in her great and remarkable book on the French Revolution. The First Consul admitted him to the Tribunate, but when the Tribunate was reduced in numbers, he was excluded with Cabanis and others. The salon of Madame de Staël was not in the movement which prepared the Empire; Napoleon disliked the daughter of M. Necker. When Madame de Staël was exiled, Constant went to live in Weimar; during the summer he joined her at Coppet, on the Lake of Geneva.

The "Journal Intime" begins at Weimar in 1804 (Year xii., 1st Pluviôse). Constant sees Goethe as soon as he arrives. "Shrewdness, vanity, physical irritability even to pain; remarkable mind, fine eyes, face a little worn—such is his portrait." I will make other quotations relating to Goethe:

"I always feel some uneasiness in conversing with Goethe. What a pity he has been led away by the mystical philosophy of Germany. He confessed to me that the bottom of this philosophy was Spinozism. Schelling's mystics have in truth a great idea of Spinoza. But why associate him with religious ideas, and, what is worse, with Catholicism? It is, they say, because Catholicism is more poetical. And Goethe says: 'I would rather that Catholicism should hurt me than not be able to use it in order to make my plays more interesting.' Goethe uses analogy too much; he makes great pretensions in chemistry and in the exact sciences."

Another day, Constant writes:

"Very interesting supper with Goethe. He

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is full of wit, of outbursts, of depth, of new ideas; but he is the least *bonhomme* that I know. Speaking of 'Werther,' he said: 'What makes that book dangerous is to have weakness depicted as a force. But when I do a thing which suits me, the consequences do not concern me. If there are mad people for whom this reading is bad, I can't help it.' I know nobody in the world who has as much gayety, *finesse*, strength and breadth of mind as Goethe."

This appreciation of Goethe as a man is more just than the judgment passed on his works: "Read over 'Faust.' It is a mockery of the human species and of all men of science. The Germans find in it an extraordinary depth; as for myself I think it is not as good as 'Candide.' It is quite as immoral and as dry, and it is not so light; there are not so many ingenious pleasantries, and there is much more that is in bad taste."

We find nothing of interest in the Diary on Schiller, who is "too exclusively a poet." Here and there are remarks which are extremely clever, on every possible subject; many portraits also very much alive, such as this: "Madame de S—— is quite of the German sentimental style—pink ribbons, melancholy attitudes, a soft voice, mind a little wandering, susceptibility, bitterness, epigrams, a great sentiment of superiority to her husband. . . . And you think her a desirable woman. . . . Why! it's hell!" He knew much about this sort of hell since he had fallen under the sway of Madame de Staël. "La grande amitié," said Madame de Sévigné, "vit de querelles." Great, indeed, was the friendship (shall we call it love?) which these two extraordinary persons, Constant and Madame, felt for each other. Constant was thinking of her when he wrote this: "The attachment of some women, the empire which they maintain over a man, to everybody's surprise, is like the sleep which overtakes travellers on the Great Saint-Bernard. They are dissatisfied with their situation, but they submit to the sensation of the present, which every moment becomes more difficult to conquer, and death arrives while they intend to depart a moment afterwards." Madame du Deffand said to Pont-de-Veyle: "We have been friends for forty years; don't you think it is because we don't love each other much?" Constant might have said the same to Madame de Staël, after the long years of their acquaintance. He complains incessantly in his diary of his slavery, but he is a willing slave. These two volatile minds, living in a constant hurricane of ideas, were well mated; they were both in a permanent agitation. Madame de Staël was the more manly of the two, the more sincere, the more generous. In 1806 Constant writes: "I received a letter from Madame de Staël. It is the shaking of the universe and the movement of chaos. And still, with all her defects, she is to me superior to everything. I am going to join her at Auxerre." In 1807: "Letter from Madame de Staël. What a fury! O God, deliver us from each other!"

In 1814 a new passion takes the place of the old one. "I spend the evening with Mme. Récamier; and this woman, with whom I lived in Switzerland, whom I have seen on many occasions and in all sorts of ways without her having made any impression on me, suddenly seizes me and inspires me with a violent passion. Am I mad or stupid? But it will pass, I hope." Alas! it did not pass. "Work, literature, politics, all is ended. The reign of Juliette begins." Juliette was flattered by the admiration of Constant, but she did not return his passion. "I have spent a diabolical day. She is a bird, a cloud, without memory, without discrimination, without preference. As her beauty has made her the object of perpetual homages, the romantic language which has always been addressed to her has given her the appearance of a sensibility which is only skin-deep." Mme. Récamier was prudent, and Constant did not deserve any deep and permanent affection. As he was in love, so he was in politics; he attacked Napoleon and then supported him during the Hundred Days. The best that can be said of him is that, on the whole, he was faithful to the cause of liberalism and of constitutional ideas. If he had been born in England, he would have been a Whig. He was thrown into the agitations of the French Revolution, and it is no wonder if sometimes he did not see where his duty lay.

# Correspondence.

## THE BURNING QUESTION.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: It is evident that the currency is to absorb public attention for some time to come. The papers are full of interviews with bankers and men of business, and the same tone is common to all—that business will revive when the currency question is settled, and hardly before. There is a widespread feeling, at once of shame and anxiety, at the effect of our childish helplessness not only at home, but upon our reputation and financial standing abroad. This feeling finds expression in astonishment and indignation that Congress does not come to some agreement upon a broad basis of public interest.

That which is not understood, and which constitutes the danger of the situation, is that Congress is absolutely incompetent to do this. It is only local private and party interests which are represented there. The nation and the public interest are not represented at all. The House is made up of men selected from 356 equal fractions of the country, the Senate of 88 men from 44 separate States. The first object of every one of them is to see that his district or his State—that is, the most powerful private interests in them—get their full share of whatever is going. No one of them, and nobody else, has any authority or any responsibility to provide for the welfare of the great mass of the nation. The men are not to be blamed for this. They are and do just what the situation calls for, and no government in the world, under the same conditions, could do any differently.

Of all the functions of government there is perhaps none which more deeply involves the moral, social, and physical welfare of a people than the provision of a sound and stable currency. It ought to be settled upon scientific principles with no reference at all to private interests, and the experience of the world in the last century has done much to establish such principles. We leave them entirely out of sight, and hand over the subject to a conflict of private interests. To reverse this, it is necessary that one man and one scheme should be heard and fully considered at a time, and that exclusively from a national point of view. There is but one man in the United States who can meet these requirements, and that man is the Secretary of the Treasury for the time being.

The simplest and most pressing need of the moment is a resolution of Congress declaring positively that the obligations of the United States will be met in gold, and that when the word coin occurs it shall mean gold coin. Why is this not done? Because the interest of party stands before that of the nation, because both parties stand in terror of noisy minorities through the country, and because men of the type of Gorman and Hill, Quay and Wanamaker, Stewart and Bland, can by threats, cajoling, and bribery, direct or indirect, hold back a timid majority from a direct committal. If the Secretary of the Treasury stood by the Speaker's chair, one or half-a-dozen independent members could force him to take a definite stand on behalf of the Government on one side or the other, and the great body of members would be compelled to register their votes for or against him. Can it be possible that any Secretary would propose, or any party majority would vote, a direct negative on such a question? If so, the country had better find it out at the earliest moment.

Meantime there is a perfect tempest of discordant views and opinions pouring over the country like a flood. Nobody who fancies that he knows anything upon the subject will listen to anybody else, and there is no means of distinguishing those who know much from those who know nothing; while the great mass who do not pretend to know anything and are anxious to learn are stunned and dazed by the clatter about their ears.

It may take a great deal of tribulation and disaster yet to teach the lesson, but sooner or later it will be found that the only path out of this Slough of Despond lies in giving a public initiative to the Secretary of the Treasury *ex officio*.

G. B.

Boston, January 12, 1895.

## THE TENURE OF POSTMASTERS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: I saw with great satisfaction the introduction of the bill by the chairman of the Committee on the Reform of the Civil Service, to take postmasters out of politics by making their official tenure one of good behavior—though, I suppose, with a shorter method for determining the end of good behavior than an impeachment before the Senate. I have also seen the remarks of the Hartford *Courant* as reproduced by you, and your answer.

I think, on constitutional grounds, that both the *Courant* and the *Nation* are in error. Congress has the fullest power to prescribe by law the tenure of office for those who may be appointed hereafter; but it has not the constitutional power to strengthen the tenure or to extend the term of any man already appointed. To do so would be equivalent to reappointing him for an additional term. To say by an act of Congress that Mr. Dayton shall keep the New York Post-office after his term expires in 1897, or after the next Republican President's pleasure in him comes to an end, would be such a clear usurpation in the two houses of Congress, who might pass a bill of that sort by a two-thirds vote over the President's veto, that everybody would denounce the attempt as a nullity. For the Constitution has not conferred the power to appoint postmasters on either one or both houses of Congress. An act which should do the same thing, not for Mr. Dayton alone, but for all postmasters, would not on that account be any less unconstitutional.

That all the great constitutional lawyers on the Democratic side did not see this point when the tenure-of-office law in Johnson's days

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was passed and vetoed and repassed—that Mr. Evarts and the other defenders of Johnson on the trial of the impeachment did not stumble on it—has nothing to do with the business. The point was to me just as clear in 1868 as it is now; and it needs but to be stated to a lawyer to find a ready assent. The Court of Appeals of Kentucky has passed on it fully in Clark vs. Rogers, 81 Ky. Reports, p. 43.

It follows that only those postmasters would be "tied in" who are appointed after the passage of Mr. De Forest's bill. After the 4th of March the Senate will be Republican, and it will not consent to the appointment of postmasters except where vacancies arise by expiration of term, death, or resignation; and when a Republican President comes in, two years hence, he will have his hands free.

Respectfully, L. N. D.

Louisville, Ky., January 6, 1895.

## TAXPAYERS' ASSOCIATIONS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Many friends of good government in the East are probably not aware of the effectual efforts being made by the several taxpayers' associations to promote honesty and efficiency in the administration of remote forest towns and counties of the Northwest. The owners of the lands that are unjustly taxed are not philanthropists, but simply professional and business men and capitalists, often non-resident, who cannot longer afford to be robbed by petty local political bosses and machines for their personal ends.

One of these associations, to which I belong, has advised its members to refuse to pay over 40 per cent. of their taxes on lands located in some twenty townships, scattered through six counties in one State. In the case (an extreme one) of one county, their printed circular advises: "Reject everything in this county—State, county, town, highway, school, and all other taxes in every township and city in the county." My attorney writes:

"It is the policy of this association not to fight taxes merely on pure technical defects, but only in case of excessive and unjust taxation, and in such cases to use any technical defect that could be found. Every year the township treasurers seem to be chosen from a more ignorant class of people."

Every year, too, more and more tax is contested in the courts, and the association generally wins. The inevitable result will be that the inhabitants of this region will find it *will pay* to elect intelligent men of character to office instead of the ignorant and dishonest, just as New York city has found out. All this points towards the one certain cure for bad government. When men of property find that they can save more money by working for good government than they can make by following ordinary business, they will become practical, efficient reformers, working through some form of good-government organization, spending their money and time, just as myself and friends are now doing; some of us not having found so useful a field (save in independent voting) before. T. B. B.

Bainbridge, Ga., January 8, 1895.

## THE CYCLOPÆDIA OF CHRISTIAN BIOGRAPHY.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: A few days ago we received a letter from one of the Anglican bishops in the United States, enclosing a circular which had been sent to him, and which contained an announcement of a 'Cyclopædia of Christian Biography, etc., etc., edited by William Smith, D.C.L., and Henry Wace, D.D.,' and asking if this work was issued with our consent.

If it were not so issued, the bishop assured us that he, in common with some other Americans, would perfer to have nothing to do with it. At the same time he suggested some communication of the facts of the case to you, sir, who took a leading part in setting before the public the true story of the American edition of the 'Encyclopædia Britannica.'

I am not personally acquainted with the bishop, but I deeply appreciate his kind and courteous consideration of our interests, and propose to adopt his advice by laying the case before you.

The 'Cyclopædia [or, as we call it, the Dictionary] of Christian Biography' is, as I dare say you are aware, one of the great series of dictionaries originated and carried out by the late Sir William Smith and my father. It covered a field up to that time unoccupied, and was written by some of the leading scholars of the day. After ten years of preliminary labor, the first volume was published in 1876; the fourth and concluding volume appeared in 1887.

It is needless to add that the work was a very costly one to produce (having cost us £16,000), and one, moreover, for which we could only anticipate a very slow sale. At the present moment we are some £3,000 or £4,000 out of pocket by the undertaking.

Since its first appearance the work has been brought out in the States by Messrs. Little & Brown in conjunction with ourselves.

In December, 1891, Messrs. Little & Brown communicated to us a proposal, which had been made to them by "the publishers of a religious magazine," that we should supply to those publishers (whose name was not at the time communicated to us) a special edition of our work; "but," added Messrs. Little & Brown, "the price would have to be very low; it is quite possible, therefore, that it may not be in your power to entertain" the proposal. Sir William Smith was then alive, and after consultation with him, and careful calculation, we found that it literally was not in our power to comply with this proposal on the terms suggested, and we accordingly declined it, preferring to continue our association with Messrs. Little & Brown.

In March, 1894, Dr. Wace received a letter from a Mr. Dagley, writing on behalf of the Christian Literature Company, New York, announcing that a new edition of the 'Dictionary of Christian Biography' was about to appear, asking him to undertake something "in the nature of a revision which would not require more than a few months," and pointing out that such a new edition "would not operate to 'his' disadvantage, and in fact we believe we could make it a source of quite some revenue to you," etc. Dr. Wace, I need hardly add, promptly informed us of this offer, and as promptly declined to have anything to do with it.

The Christian Literature Company write that "the original edition has been on the market long enough, so that the sale of it here is practically completed." At the same time in their prospectus they pay us the compliment of alluding to "this monumental work, without a rival, and indispensable to every historical student."

Now, sir, I am perfectly well aware that we have no claim for redress in this matter; indeed, some thanks may be due to the undertakers of this enterprise for having consulted us at all (for I understand that the original application to us and the present prospectus practically emanate from the same quarter) where they were free to appropriate all the fruits of our labor and outlay; but I am encouraged by the kind words of the bishop to lay the facts before you in case you may consider them worthy of publication, for public opinion is the only tribunal to which we can appeal. I blame no individuals; I only mention the foregoing facts as one out of many examples of the hardships incurred under the existing state of our international-copyright relations.

John Murray.

London, January 4, 1895.

## THE *SPECTATOR* ON THINGS AMERICAN.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Let me call attention to two delicious bits from the London *Spectator* of December 29, 1894. (The italics are mine.)

In the first editorial article: "The Chinese Government still talks of negotiation, and has taken the very odd step of asking the American President to send them a statesman to advise the ambassador they are sending to Tokio. *Mr. Cleveland has accordingly selected a Mr. Foster.*"

Again, a very eulogistic review of Mr. Scudder's 'Childhood in Art and Literature' ends thus:

We will conclude with a specimen of the humour which Americans *can put into their gravest state documents:*

"The sixteenth amendment to the Constitution reads: 'The rights and caprices of children in the United States shall not be denied or abridged on account of age, sex, or formal condition of tutelage,' and this amendment has been recognized in literature, as in life, while waiting its legal adoption."

Save me from my friends, may Mr. Scudder say.

The same criticism quotes Dr. Johnson as saying of Goldsmith, "Nihil tetigit quod non ornavit"—which he didn't.

William Everett.

Washington, D. C., January 8, 1895.

## THE NEED OF A NEW REVIEW.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Kindly grant me the space for a few words upon a subject often discussed in private, but not, so far as I know, in your columns. Earnest men who can recall the *Princeton* and old *North American* have not ceased to regret the death of the former, and the worse fate that has befallen its scholarly rival. The *Yale Review* is pretty rigidly limited to the results of original research in history and economics. Nearly the same is true of the other specialists' organs. There is no one of the great monthlies which has for its main purpose any higher result than the diversion of its popular audience of, say, from fifty thousand to half a million readers. The *Forum*, indeed, apparently gives perfect freedom of utterance to the most competent and fearless voice available; but its limitations as to space are imperative, it usually touches only topics already in general debate, and its contributions are nearly all "requested" by the editor.

There are, without doubt, a large number of papers, by competent and even graceful hands, lying in academic or other desks at this moment, which ought to be available for a thousand colleagues, and for ten thousand or more

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advanced—or at least mature and earnest—students, scattered throughout the country. There is a healthful reaction setting in here, and quite as much in Germany itself, against excessively narrow special research, and particularly against the delivery of its results in undigested and uncorrelated form. More and more it is recognized that the specialist has not justified even his research adequately until he has stated his chief discoveries in terms intelligible to a wide audience, and, above all, has made clear how his report modifies the mass of seemingly settled and generally accepted truth.

The periodical many of us have vaguely in mind would cover, in a sense, the whole wide field of history and literature, with open paths toward ethics, sociology, and at least some applications of many sciences. There is a widespread and growing feeling of the essential unity, the *commune vinculum*, among such studies. Are not the times ripe for a publication which would stand, not for the theoretical discussion of any such educational harmony, but, perhaps, for its concrete illustration?

There was a rumor, seemingly baseless, "a year and more agone," that the stalwart young university in Chicago contemplated such a publication. Should it not rather be upheld by a large editorial committee representing all the leading centres of the highest education? Such names as C. E. Norton, N. S. Shaler, John Fiske naturally occur to a Harvard man in such a connection, but every Sparta has no doubt equally worthy sons. Certainly the application of the best results drawn from studies in history, literature, and elsewhere, to the obsolescent art of simple living and high thinking is not an unworthy nor dilettanteish ideal for a university publication. The motto might be taken from Emerson: "How to give all access to the masterpieces of art and literature, is the problem of civilization."

I am, very cordially yours,

WILLIAM CRANSTON LAWTON.

PHILADELPHIA, January 7, 1895.

## THE INTERNATIONAL POSTAGE-STAMP.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Your correspondents who are urging an international postage-stamp seem to have made no provision for the difference in exchange between different countries; so that if such a stamp were issued, it would be sold by that State which used the most debased currency.

For example, if I were to mail a letter from El Paso to England, it would cost 5c. United States currency, while in C. Juarez, on the other side of the river, I could nearly buy two 5c. stamps with my 5c. of American money. Americans would also find it to their advantage to buy their stamps in England on a basis of $4.80=£1, since the 2½d. stamp is used as equivalent to the American 5c.

Yours respectfully, SINESTAMPS.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., January 8, 1895.

## A CORRECTION.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your review of the book, 'A Run through Russia,' of August 23, 1894, I desire to call your attention to two mistakes. Your reviewer says: "On page 87 he ranks John the Baptist, Tolstoi, George Fox, William Penn, and Christ as equal gods." What is said is as follows: "Count Leo Tolstoi shows the power once more in the world's history of the principle of renunciation, as Buddha showed it in India, and the divine founder of Christianity showed it in Galilee"—which is a very different statement from that of the reviewer.

Again, your critic says: "They shared in the afternoon tea of a court lady's reception, evidently mistaking it for a lunch given for them, since it was so stated." As a matter of fact it was no afternoon tea at all, but a special lunch for the two visitors, to which they were invited by letter—with no other guests present, as can be verified by the rest of the party.

Other matters of lesser import are passed over, in the hope that you will do me the justice to correct these statements, which are calculated to injure the writer in the eye of the public.—Very respectfully yours,

WM. WILBERFORCE NEWTON.

[Though Dr. Newton trims his quotation at the beginning and at the end so as to leave out John the Baptist, George Fox, and William Penn, we think our phraseology was too loose in this instance, and open to objection.

As regards the other matter, we had to depend entirely upon what we found in his book. On p. 37 he states that he and his friend called upon Countess K. "on a Friday evening," and received "a delightful cup of tea from the smoking samovar."

"Upon inquiring when we could best see Countess Tolstoi, our hostess remarked to Madame Novikoff, 'Let me see; the Emperor came up from Gatchina the day before yesterday—well, there will be lunch at one o'clock to-morrow—but by three you will find the Countess disengaged,' . . . . We failed to receive an invitation to meet the Czar. . . . On the following day we paid our respects to the Countess Tolstoi at the Winter Palace. . . . The ubiquitous samovar upon the table furnished us our indispensable cup of tea. . . . Another elegance in blue daisies and white stockings, similar to the gentleman already described at the Marble Palace, served us at lunch."

No Russian eats luncheon at three o'clock P. M., the hour at which Dr. Newton tells us, in effect, that he called on Countess Tolstoi. They lunch between eleven A. M. and one P. M., and do not use the samovar for that meal. If the Countess Tolstoi had been present at the Emperor's luncheon, as Countess K. had intimated on the preceding evening that she would be, it is plain that Dr. Newton mistook afternoon tea for luncheon. We now for the first time hear of a letter of invitation from Countess Tolstoi, which was hardly suggested by the phrase "paid our respects." The hour is still unnamed. —ED. NATION.]

# Notes.

HENRY HOLT & CO.'s January announcements include 'A History of the Novel previous to the Nineteenth Century,' by Prof. F. M. Warren of Adelbert College; Nevinson's 'Slum Stories of London (Neighbors of Ours)'; a translation of Kalidasa's 'Sakuntala,' by Prof. A. H. Edgren of the University of Nebraska; 'Deutsche Gedichte,' an inexpensive collection of German poems, edited by Dr. Camillo von Klenze of Chicago University; and 'Classic French Letters,' edited by Prof. E. L. Walter of the University of Michigan.

Macmillan & Co. have in preparation a volume on Aristotle's 'Theory of Poetry and Fine Art,' by Prof. Butcher of Edinburgh.

'Philosophy of the Mind,' by Prof. George T. Ladd; 'Reminiscences,' by George Augustus Sala; and a revised edition of the late Prof. Austin Phelps's 'English Style in Public Discourse' are just leaving the press of Charles Scribner's Sons.

D. C. Heath & Co. will publish 'The School Poetry Book,' by James H. Penniman, edited with a kind of logical arrangement and for the encouragement of memorizing.

Mrs. Annie Besant's Autobiography is to be published in this country by Henry Altemus, Philadelphia.

Another volume of the *Bookworm*, "an illustrated treasury of old-time literature," comes to us from A. C. Armstrong & Son. It is hard to describe the contents of this undated periodical, in which one may look to stumble upon anything pertaining to literature, as, in the present instance, a list of books ordered of an English firm, in 1771, by the Chevalier d'Éon, a recent black-letter find dissected from an old binding, a discussion of the identity of Junius, etc.

Four more charming little volumes of the "Temple Shakspere" (Dent-Macmillan) have come to hand, viz., "All's Well that Ends Well," "Twelfth Night," "King John," and "A Winter's Tale." They will, like their predecessors, quickly find their way into the pocket.

Munson's Phonographic Dictionary, in which the various strokes are indicated by Roman letters, is now a work of relatively long standing. It is, of course, adapted to the author's system. We have just received from the Phonographic Institute Co. of Cincinnati Part I. (A—Breathlessly) of 'The Phonographic Dictionary and Phrase-book,' conforming to the so-called "American system of shorthand." The compilers are Benn Pitman and Jerome B. Howard. Here we have the phonetic outlines themselves clearly delineated over against the corresponding words. This is ingeniously effected by making groups of three words, thus securing the necessary depth for the outlines, which, by the way, are fully vocalized; and position is indicated when necessary. The typographic difficulties of a work like this seem to us to have been remarkably well overcome, and the dictionary cannot fail to give a great impetus to the study of shorthand.

A tradition, probably dating back to the days of "Left-legged" Jacob Tonson, and still surviving as a time-honored joke, even in the pages of Thackeray and Rider Haggard, represents the publisher as the natural enemy of the author, the parasite created and equipped especially to batten on his brains. Nowadays better conditions prevail: the publisher is usually a man of culture and refinement; sometimes a scholar; occasionally an author. Such a publisher was Mr. Fields, who honored himself and his calling by the justice and generosity of his dealings with literary men, and who was the personal friend of many of the best writers of his day. These friendships he perpetuated in a most interesting collection of annotated books, autographs, portraits, and other relics dear to the book-lover; and these Mrs. Fields has taken for the groundwork of a group of pleasant papers, full of anecdotes and personal recollections of the literary men of the last generation, and copiously illustrated ('A Shelf of Old Books,' Scribners). The bibliophile who, opening it at random, lights on a facsimile letter from Lamb, De Quincey, or Hunt, will find it no easy book to lay down.

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About a third of the volume is devoted to Leigh Hunt, to whom both Mr. and Mrs. Fields seem to have been peculiarly attracted; and it is clear that, with all the foibles of the man, some of which were irritating enough, he possessed a singular power of fascination. Around Hunt are grouped anecdotes of Keats, Shelley, Severn, and others of that circle. The chapter on Edinburgh introduces us to Scott, De Quincey, Wilson, Dr. John Brown, the brothers Chambers, and other men of note; and the last chapter, "From Milton to Thackeray," is an entertaining *olla podrida* of literary anecdotes agreeably told.

The character of the papers which make up Sir Edward Strachey's 'Talk at a Country House' (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) presupposes more leisure and less critical shrewdness than the reader of the day is in general possessed of. Their appearance from time to time in the *Atlantic* has already made familiar the model of conversational complaisance they offer, through a form of dialogue in which each participant is always of one mind with the other, and exhibits exemplary patience at the other's quotations of poetry. Most of the opinions expressed are such as our fathers have declared unto us in the old time as safe and blameless to hold, and the volume is one which may without reserve be recommended to any whom time ambles withal, and who have a fancy for seeing turned over the liberal stores of a mind that includes a knowledge of Persian Poetry and Arrow-headed Inscriptions, together with views on Love and Marriage, a General Election, and Maurice and Tennyson, and which raises no question that is not easily laid in the pleasant setting of a Somersetshire manor house.

'Notes on Tobogganing,' by Theodore Andrea Cook (Scribners), will be found very interesting by American visitors to St. Moritz who indulge in that exhilarating amusement. The illustrations, from instantaneous photographs, are excellent, and give a most accurate idea of the difficulties that beset the bold rider whose ambition prompts him to try for a "record" on the celebrated Cresta run. Mr. Cook has followed the local custom in calling the sport tobogganing, though this is, in fact, a misnomer. It is true "coasting," which differs from tobogganing firstly in that it calls for the use of a sled with steel runners and quite unlike the Canadian toboggan, and secondly in that it is performed on a crooked run, and therefore necessitates much skill in the matter of steering. Mr. Cook is evidently of the opinion that the sport as developed at St. Moritz is a new discovery; but the boys of any village in the hilly part of New England could demonstrate the fallacy of this notion.

It is always a pleasure to come upon a book bearing the name of so penetrating and so impartial a critic as M. Émile Faguet. As editor-in-chief of the "Classiques populaires," published by Lecène, Oudin & Cie., he has shown admirable judgment in the selection both of the classical authors and of the writers intrusted with the task of presenting them anew to the public in a popular form. One of the early issues, the volume on La Fontaine, was from his pen, and, it must be confessed, not up to his usual high standard. He was evidently trying to write in genuine popular fashion, and he is altogether too earnest for that sort of work. His new volume, 'Voltaire,' is in his real manner, and infinitely more "popular," in the best sense of the word, than the other. It is a study of the great eighteenth-century writer which one reads with unflagging interest. Well constructed, well written, plentifully illustrated by well-selected and not always hackneyed extracts from the matchless prose and easy verse of Voltaire, the book is at once a valuable addition to Voltairian literature and a capital number of the deservedly popular collection to which it belongs.

For the same series M. Léo Claretie, whose exhaustive work on the origins of Lesage's 'Gil Blas' is well known, has written an excellent volume on Lesage. In it he speaks not of the great novel alone, but of the varied and powerful dramatic work which includes "Turcaret" and the brilliant "Théâtre de la foire," and of the other novels of Lesage, such as 'Le Diable boiteux,' 'Guzman,' and 'Le Bachelier de Salamanque.' The analyses of the different works are fully illustrated by copious and well-selected extracts, so that a good and comprehensive view of the writer's productions is had, with a clear summing up of Lesage's qualities and defects, the share he took in the evolution of the novel, and the place he occupies in French literature. Within its limits the book is one of the very best yet written about Lesage.

Still another contributor is M. Paul Morillot, who has had the good fortune to speak of André Chénier in moderate and impartial fashion. André Chénier is usually, nowadays, regarded as the representative, at one and the same time, of the purest art of antiquity and of the coming Romantic School. M. Morillot does not favor this view, and applies himself with marked success to the destruction of the legendary Chénier, whom he seeks to replace by a truer representation of the man drawn from a critical study of his works. Haraszti's book, which deservedly attracted much attention on its publication, was an effort in this direction, and M. Morillot has benefited by the labors of the Hungarian critic. His own examination of the poet's work, his independent and fearless judgment of it, make his book a valuable contribution to the knowledge of the real Chénier.

We take leave for the moment of the "Classiques populaires" by mentioning the 'Alfred de Musset' of M. A. Claveau, and the 'Béranger' of M. C. Causeret. The former is decidedly the fuller and better biography, being a good account of Musset's life and work, with analyses of his principal poems, plays, and tales. The secret of Musset's charm and his real position towards the Romantic school are brought out with sufficient distinctness, and the essential difference in the quality and inspiration of his verse before and after Venice is successfully shown. M. Causeret has displayed no less patience and energy in endeavoring to interest the present generation in Béranger, but he cannot be said to score a success. M. Francisque Sarcey hit off the only true way to resuscitate the song-writer, and that is to sing his songs, not to read them or talk about them. What survives of Béranger is very little indeed, and the most valiant efforts of his admirers must fail to give him a high place among poets. Songs that need a long commentary and a tedious historico-political introduction for their comprehension will sooner or later be neglected save by the antiquarian.

Within the last few years we have noticed two handbooks for the study of Dante by Dr. G. A. Scartazzini, the well-known editor of the "Divine Comedy"—his 'Prolegomeni' (1890) and his 'Dante-Handbuch' (1892), the latter of which has been translated into English by Mr. A. F. Butler, under the title of 'A Companion to Dante' (1893). The indefatigable compiler has now turned his attention to his much earlier work of the same character, the little two-volume 'Dante' in the Hoepli series of popular manuals (1883), translated into English by Dr. Thomas Davidson in 1887. This manual Dr. Scartazzini has thoroughly revised, increasing the matter by a third, and has published under the new title of 'Dantologia: Vita ed Opere di Dante Alighieri' (Milan: Hoepli). The contents are not greatly different from those of the preceding books, but the treatment is more concise, the make-up of the little volume excellent, and the matter, especially the bibliographies, well up to date.

The Boston Public Library has put forth a remarkable 'Catalogue of the Books relating to Architecture, Construction and Decoration' on its shelves November 1, 1894. Its value will appear from a mere examination of the contents: Bibliography, Biography, Dictionaries, History and Theory, Periodicals, Periods and Styles, Architecture of Countries (geographically ordered), Illustrations of Architecture (as amphitheatres, asylums, fountains, prisons, railroad stations, schools, etc.), Architectural Details (limited to four topics), Technical Details (including drawing, construction, and decoration in its several branches), Handbooks (including estimates, formulæ, and specifications), Building Laws (with contracts, etc.). These classes are followed by indexes (1) of authors, (2) of places and subjects. The building fraternity and the public owe this intelligent labor to a woman.

The first number of the new series of *Science* contains a double introduction, by Prof. Newcomb and by President Gilman, setting forth the aims of the paper under its changed management. Prof. Brinton contributes his address as president of the American Association, and Dr. Goode, director of the United States National Museum, his address as president of the Washington Philosophical Society. There are more technical articles by Major Powell on modern aspects of ethnology and anthropology; by President Mendenhall of the Worcester Polytechnic Institute on the action taken by the electricians of the world recently assembled at Chicago in defining electrical units, and by Congress in legalizing these; and by Dr. C. Hart Merriam and Prof. Scudder, the first editor of *Science*, on zoölogical subjects. The book reviews are signed by Profs. Woodward, Packer, Conn, Brinton, and Britton, and the number ends with notes and news of societies, journals, and books. The print is open, but this cannot long be the case if the paper prospers, as we must hope. The strength of the "editorial committee" is its weakness, as every journalist knows; and this body should in time yield to a single control. Not a member of it can expect candid criticism of his own work in signed reviews in his own paper. The responsible editor is Prof. J. McKeen Cattell, Garrison-on-Hudson, N. Y. The publisher's address is 41 East Forty-ninth Street, New York.

The latest number of the *National Geographic Magazine* has an interesting note, by Prof. I. C. Russell of the University of Michigan, concerning the altitude of Mt. St. Elias, towards whose summit he has made a nearer approach than any other man. The peak is capped with a sharp pyramid of snow, built by the winds and of variable height with storms, seasons, and years. The depth of the snow is estimated at not less than 200 feet, and possibly as much as 300 or 400 feet. The height of the summit may therefore be expected to vary by a decidedly greater amount than the error of its measurement by good trigonometrical work. The same number of

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the magazine announces that a gold medal is offered by the National Geographic Society for the best essay, not exceeding two thousand words, on the River Systems of the United States, written under certain conditions by scholars in our public schools and submitted to the Society not later than July 15, 1895. Full details of the competition may be obtained on addressing the secretary of the Society in Washington. A new series of monographs is also planned on the physical features of the United States, to be prepared by various expert authors, expressed in untechnical language, well illustrated, and addressed to the teachers of our public schools. If successfully carried out, this project bids fair to exercise an important influence on the teaching of geography in our country.

A succinct and clear presentation of the architectural development of the Greek stage, according to the "neue Lehre," is given by Dörpfeld in the *Berliner Philologische Wochenschrift* for December 22, 1894, reviewing two essays on the Greek Theatre by K. Dumont, published as the first volume of a series of "Études d'art grec" (Paris: E. Leroux). Dörpfeld disposes of Dumont with the impact of a trip-hammer, retracts his former opinion that *Theologeion* should be substituted for *Logeion* in Vitruvius, since a Delian inscription discovered by the French has shown that Vitruvius's use of the word is correct, and proceeds to point out the small but pregnant error of the Vitruvian account. Dörpfeld's long-promised work on the Theatre of Dionysos in Athens he hopes to bring out this winter. All students of the Greek theatre and drama will welcome its appearance.

The *Débats* of December 23, 1894, notes the fact that a crisis has overtaken wood-engraving in France like that which the art has been passing through here. "'Process" (*procédés originaux*) is at the bottom of the trouble there as here, but the French engravers complain also of excessive augmentation of their ranks from the schools and ateliers and from foreign countries. It is estimated that one-fifth of the 500 engravers in Paris are non-French. Hence a movement of "protection" for the craft by limiting the number of apprentices and excluding foreigners altogether from instruction.

Among the Hans Sachs literature of the past year is a portfolio of facsimiles of prints of old Nuremberg, with particular reference to the three R's of that famous city—"Rathaus, Regiment, und Rat" (Nürnberg: Heerdegen-Barbeck; New York: Westermann). The fourteen plates are described in eight pages of letterpress. The Rathaus is shown in a great variety of views, external and internal, in connection with ceremonies and public rejoicings, as over the peace of 1649, when the multitude caught in their hats the streams of wine issuing from the Swedish lion in one of the windows. The peace congress itself is pictured, with a key to the personages. The "Regiment" is reflected in the torture-chamber, in public punishments, and in the carting of adulterated wine to the ill-smelling Pegnitz. A series of patrician portraits closes this very curious collection.

A chapter might be written on the success of the late Rev. Dr. John Lord as a lecturer on history, but we content ourselves here with notifying his numerous auditors and admirers all over the country that Mr. F. Gutekunst, Philadelphia, has admitted him to his "Imperial panel" portrait gallery.

A correspondent calls our attention to an obvious slip in our issue of January 3, whereby the Episcopal Church was credited with holding to three sacraments, instead of two.

—A well-printed pamphlet of twenty-six pages has been published "for the history classes of the Providence High School," which is worthy of wider circulation. The most elaborated list of historical novels, dramas, etc., ever made is that of the Boston Public Library, which for two years has been publishing serially. But this contains so much matter (titles in foreign languages of long-forgotten plays, etc.) which is of interest only to the advanced student of literature that it is unusable by the general reader. The Providence list is arranged chronologically under countries, and, though not free from errors, can be commended as the best known to us for common use. We note that while the unfamiliar "C. M. Mundt" is substituted in the author-list for the familiar Luise Mühlbach, "G. Samarow" is printed instead of the author's real name, Oskar Meding. The "Miss Lynn," author of 'Amymone,' is known to this generation as Eliza (Lynn) Linton. Curiously enough, we find mentioned no book relating to Italian history between the seventh and the fourteenth centuries, the period of Frederic Barbarossa and of Guelph and Ghibelline. From the absence of books relating to the history of the United States and Canada we infer that American history is not studied at the Providence High School. The misprints are so numerous as to lead one to doubt whether the proof was read at all.

—In this connection we may mention Mr. George Saintsbury's three articles on Historical Novels in *Macmillan's* for August, September, and October. Mr. Saintsbury's views are more remarkable for the reflection of what we suppose is the common British opinion than for that critical insight which enables us to see things in a new light—to get new pleasure from increased vividness of perception; but they do not, we think, always coincide with the best critical opinion. To all intents and purposes the historical novel, he says, was invented by Scott, since, previous to the appearance of 'Waverley,' though novels dealing with persons and events of the past were not unknown, their history and archæology were conventional, while their fiction was generally unreadable. Next to Scott, Dumas is the most important worker in this field, and after him, each for two novels, Thackeray and Charles Kingsley. It is not, however, 'Hypatia' (which most people would hold to be Kingsley's most successful effort) but 'Westward Ho!' which is held up for admiration. 'Romola,' which one would expect to find in any list of great novels, is barely mentioned, 'The Cloister and the Hearth' is not named at all, and even 'The Scarlet Letter' is ignored, though it fulfils the first (and most rarely realized) condition of good work in this department—that of reproducing not the "own words" of some historic character, but the very atmosphere of the time described. Our British critic, indeed, with the natural preference for mediocre works of home production to the best articles of foreign make, fails even to name two great triumphs of German authors—works which number their native readers by the million, and are widely known in English translations—Hauff's 'Lichtenstein' and Scheffel's 'Ekkehard.' He evidently prefers, since he mentions having read the greater part, if not all, of their works, such masters as G. P. R. James and W. H. Ainsworth; even Marryat and Lever are discussed at some length—to the exclusion of all Americans except Cooper. Yet, besides Hawthorne, at least five American novelists of this class have been widely read in other countries—Judge Thompson, the author of 'The Green Mountain Boys'; J. H. Ingraham, whose tasteless fictions have been read by as many thousands of orthodox people as, in our time, it has been the good fortune of Gen. Wallace to attract; and the author of 'Zenobia' and 'Julian.' We have no means of knowing whether Mr. Saintsbury fails to mention these because he never heard of them, or because, with the exception of the first-named, their books fall under what he calls "the curious curse which seems to rest on the classical novel."

—The late Prof. Ramsay's 'Manual of Roman Antiquities,' now in its fifteenth edition (New York: Scribners), is as welcome as ever, although in execution its present form is strangely uneven. The first chapter, on the topography of Rome, has been all but rewritten by Prof. Lanciani, and it is illustrated with several new plates and with two new plans, one of the city (signed by Lanciani himself) and the other of the Forum. It would be difficult to find anywhere a more succinct and at the same time accurate treatment of this topic. Lanciani, moreover, is here not merely repeating what he has said before; he has carefully revised some of the views which he put forth too hastily in former works—as, for example, his earlier theory about the origin of the Monte Testaccio. But the remaining fourteen chapters have not undergone the same careful overhauling. They are reprinted as they stood before, and apparently by some "process," so that the type differs in an ugly way from that used in the first chapter. The editor, Dr. T. E. Charles, seems to imagine that the progress in the study of Roman antiquities has not been such as to call for a thorough revision of the body of the book, and he has therefore contented himself with printing at the end of each chapter a list of references to the most recent authorities on the subjects treated therein. This list forms, indeed, a handy bibliography; but, citing only foreign works, as it does almost entirely, it will hardly be of much practical use to the sort of students for whom the book is primarily intended. To these, then, all but the first chapter remains what it was; but even so, and in spite of numerous errors, the book will continue to perform its task fairly well. In political and legal antiquities it still remains almost the only English book in its field; but in the department of private life there are far better works to be had. We can say nothing in praise of the illustrations. Execution (in general poor enough) apart, and aside from the fact that the sources are rarely given, it is pretty hard on Lanciani that the list of illustrations should make him seem to give the name "Temple of Vesta" to the round temple of Mater Matuta; and we had hoped that we had seen the last of the decrepit old imposition called a "wall-painting from the baths of Titus."

—The intellectual world generally, not less than scientists, will be interested in the elaborate memoir of Dr. Eugene Dubois, of the Dutch East Indian army, on the remains of a preëminently hominine anthropoid which were recently discovered in the Post-Pliocene (or late Pliocene?) deposits of the island of Java. If the premises in the case have been well taken—and there is no special reason to doubt that they were—then seemingly in this discove-

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ry we have the actual substance of the "missing link" itself. The remains in question consist of the roof of the skull, the femur, and a molar tooth of a mammalian which was of approximately the size of man, but whose affinities were largely with the apes, as is proved by the general cranial conformation and by certain simian characteristics of the thigh-bone. On the other hand, the cranial arch is surprisingly pronounced, falling almost half-way between that of the chimpanzee and that of man, while the cranial capacity actually approaches the "physiological minimum" in man, and is double that of the gorilla! The thigh-bone is in form and dimensions the absolute analogue of that of man, and, in the opinion of the author, gives unmistakable evidence of having supported an habitually erect body. To this remarkable "manlike transition form" (*menschenähnliche Uebergangsform*) Dr. Dubois gives the name of *Pithecanthropus erectus*, using the generic designation which Prof. Haeckel applied in 1868 to a hypothetical form to be discovered, and which now comes in with special appropriateness. The nearest ally to *Pithecanthropus* appears to have been the large chimpanzoid *Anthropopithecus Sivalensis*, from the Siwalik deposits of India, which, indeed, may be ancestral to this newly discovered form and to the African chimpanzee as well. Dr. Dubois unhesitatingly places the extinct Javan ape as the intermediate form between man and the true anthropoid apes, and the order of development (evolution) which he assumes to have been most likely is: *Prothylobates*, *Anthropopithecus Sivalensis*, *Pithecanthropus erectus*, *Homo sapiens*. This view is largely at variance with that held by some of the American palæontologists, who look to a lemurine ancestry for man.

—The richness of the South African gold-fields seems to have been underestimated even by the optimists. A work has just appeared from the pen of Dr. Karl Futterer, 'Afrika in seiner Bedeutung für die Goldproduktion in Vergangenheit, Gegenwart, und Zukunft' (Berlin: Reimer), which contains some very interesting data regarding the possible gold-production of the Dark Continent. At the present time the gold-mining activity is nearly all concentrated in the region of the Transvaal, whence in 1893 there was obtained a product the valuation of which was placed at upwards of $29,000,000. Barely more than one-thirtieth as much was obtained from all the rest of the continent put together, although at various times the north-east and northwest have yielded heavily in the metal, and, if we are to believe a statement of Diodorus, the Egyptian kings alone mined gold to the amount of $30,000,000. The total African yield up to the present day is roughly estimated to be 1,235,500,000 marks (approximately $300,000,000), of which 400,000,000 were drawn from northeast Africa, 600,000,000 from the northwestern region, and 235,500,000 from the equatorial and southern parts of the continent. Dr. Futterer takes a much more hopeful view of the gold situation than Prof. Suess, and believes that we have an as yet almost untouched resource in Africa. He follows Schmeisser in the opinion that for many years to come the value of the gold output will be largely on the increase, and assumes that from the Witwatersrand gold-fields alone the yield in twenty-five years will be $1,000,000,000; at the end of that time it is conjectured that the mining operations will be conducted at a depth of half a mile. Naturally, no absolute dependence can be placed on such estimates of the possibilities of the gold-bearing conglomerates, but Dr. Futterer properly emphasizes the importance, in placer operations, of ancient (or fossil) as well as modern washes, and how extensive these may be we do not yet know.

## THE ORIENT IN FRANCE.

*The Deserts of Southern France:* An Introduction to the Limestone and Chalk Plateaux of Ancient Aquitaine. By S. Baring-Gould, M.A. Illustrated by S. Hutton and F. D. Bedford. Dodd, Mead & Co. 1894. 2 vols, pp. xxii, 296; xii, 303.

THE world is long in awakening to the fact that there is an Orient in the Occident; that we need not go to Egypt for desolate gorges and ranges, nor to the Ægean for mountains knee-deep in the sea, nor to Tangiers for pointed arches and Moorish patios, nor to Italy for Magna Græcia, nor to Palestine for Tyrian strongholds. Why did the Phœnicians prowl about the northern coast of the western Mediterranean, and the Greeks send colonies thither, and the Saracens invade the interior, but that they found their own country over again? Northern France is a mediæval land, the realm of Charlemagne, and the prey of Rollo the Norman; it is fiercely western and northern. Provence and Languedoc are not even a Latin country, notwithstanding the noble Roman monuments; the scenery, the people, and much of the history are Oriental. Whoever loves the Apennines and the snowy ranges of the Peloponnesus and the olive groves of Corfu, will find himself in all those places of delight when he visits Southern France.

Of the many strange and beautiful regions in this ancient land, none are so little visited or known as those great table-lands, the Causses, which Mr. Baring-Gould stigmatizes as "deserts." The word suggests the "Great American Desert," which disappeared from the geographies thirty years ago and never has been recovered. Languedoc is a desert as Attica is a desert, the great white-caps of mountains rolling up out of green luxuriance. It is a desert as Sicily is a desert: wherever the hot sun plays upon the naked rock there is an Asiatic glare, but where it strikes a watered valley or plain, there lies the full, grateful, and abounding soil of African oases. It is a region not like the gloomy gorges of Roncesvalles further south, where Roland sounded his defiant horn; the uplands have the charm of their own undulation, like a heavy sea turned to stone, and the gorges are walled in by magnificent cliffs so tapestried with trees as to be a forest set on edge. In this land one finds remnants of the successive waves of population which have followed each other since history began. The Greek regularity of feature and stateliness of expression are still to be seen at Agde. In Arles the Roman women still wear that coif which so sets off their superb beauty that it for ever disproves the axiom that women care to dress becomingly; else why does not the world adopt it? At Béziers is the spot where thousands of Albigenses suffered death for devotion to a purer faith than that of their persecuting neighbors. At Aigues-Mortes is that jewel-box of a walled town which St. Louis began. At Montpellier is one of the oldest universities in Europe. At Nîmes the Protestants made head against Louis XIV. At Pont-de-Montvert the Camisards slew the fanatic priest Du Cheyla. The Cévennes is one of the few spots in Europe where the English came into near relations with a strangely mixed Oriental race, and at last gave ground before it. Over this narrow space have marched the Greek, the Saracen, the Frank, the Frenchman, and the Englishman, every one with a hand heavy to strike and hollow to retain. Is it a wonder that the babbling Gascon is so rare a character in this Gascon country? It is a serious people, gay on occasion, but stiff from resistance to half a score of foreign masters, and surging back, after every suppression, into their old beliefs. Perhaps this became the great Protestant centre in France because Greek love of reason and Roman stubbornness survived here—older than the Church and stronger than persecution.

This long digression is after all a criticism, for Baring-Gould's 'Southern France' is a different and more matter-of-fact country, in which the historical emotions are kept carefully in check. He has undertaken "a book of preparation for intending tourists, that they may be able to understand what they see." For this laudable purpose the first necessity is to give the intending tourist some adequate idea of the strange and delightful scenery of the region. No proper impression can be derived either from the two brief chapters on topography, or from the cheap and characterless woodcuts which give so indefinite a notion of the cliffs and caves on which masonry clings as do lichens on boulders. The more effective woodcuts appear to be for the most part borrowed from Martel's 'Cévennes,' and have the usual merits of French popular scientific drawings: they are interesting works of the imagination. Some of the process pictures, especially those of the Cathedral of Rodez, are, however, both beautiful and genuine. The author takes us round about some of the scenic splendors, but he has evidently never been permeated by them. One cannot help wondering with what eyes he saw Montpellier le Vieux, when he describes it as in "a depression of the Causse Noir." The most remarkable thing about that city of the gigantic dead is that it is a high point, a great bastion of the Causse, commanding the country for miles about. The description of the gorge of the Tarn is more lifelike, though it is physically impossible that the Cirques des Baumes can ever have been "a vast cavern, three quarters of a mile in diameter." One wishes also for the proof that the Causses were wooded up to the time of the Revolution; the towns, with few exceptions, have certainly always lain in the gorges.

The first volume is given up chiefly to an account of the people of the country. Here Mr. Baring Gould, in his zeal for complete preparatory information, irresistibly recalls the delightful discourse of the French pastor at Berne on the murder of Carnot. Parricide, he explained in an elaborate introduction, is wrong; fraticide is wrong, and also regicide and deicide; but he did not distinctly express an opinion on assassination. So Mr. Baring-Gould makes us acquainted with the "reindeer hunters," the "dolmen builders," the "men of iron," and the "rock-dwellers"; but, except for a brief chapter on the Caussenards and two more on Roquefort cheese and truffle-hunters, he hardly reaches the present agreeable inhabitants of the country. Whatever the interest of the tourists for whom the book is written in the Neolithic artist who

> "Sketched delightful mammoths on the borders of his cave,"

they are entitled also to a more detailed and distinct account of the living descendants of the cave dwellers and their invaders.

The second volume is practically historical, and hard to criticise because of the agglutinative character of Mr. Baring-Gould's mind.

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Thus, Murat was born on the Causse de Gramat, and thence ran away while still a boy; therefore a long chapter of the 'Deserts of Southern France' is devoted to the career of this Caussenard in Paris, in Egypt, in Spain, in Russia; to his purple pantaloons and yellow boots, to the roasted cats of his kitchen on the retreat from Moscow. Apropos of the remarkable Byzantine churches of Périgeux, we have an essay on the Roman house, but nothing on the domed architecture of the churches of Nant, in the valley of the Dourbie. Notwithstanding a whole chapter devoted to the interesting "bastides," or free towns, the author returns to the same subject in the Murat chapter, and repeats his own language to the extent of nearly a third of a page. The explanation must be the same as that for the repetition of the narrative of King Hezekiah in Kings and Chronicles—that both narratives refer to an unknown original.

Not to recognize the genuine interest in his narrative shown by Mr. Baring-Gould would be ungracious. He has apparently lived much in the country, has explored the caves, inspected the cheeses, made plans of the dolmens, sketched the picturesque ruins, descended into the "avens," read more or less of the books enumerated in his excellent Appendix A, and stayed at the inns briefly described in Appendix C. The chapters on the castles, towns, and churches are full of borrowed historical and archæological lore; but the historical sketches are patchy; they have no continuity; they are not finished pictures of distinct periods or episodes, and the author deliberately omits the most picturesque and characteristic story—that of the Camisard war. He has some of the qualifications for his work, but not that sense of literary order and taste which is indispensable for a good book. He is oppressed by his own learning, multiplies examples which are only names to his reader, and jumbles together observation, legend, archæology, architecture, and history. The Causses deserve a more affectionate treatment, such as that suggested by Stevenson's inimitable 'Travels with a Donkey through the Cévennes.'

If any reader have a mind to test Mr. Baring-Gould's book, let him provide himself with the serviceable Baedeker's 'Southern France,' and the excellent illustrated guide-book, 'Itinéraire Miriam: Les Causses et les Canons du Tarn'—with which, by the way, Mr. Baring-Gould seems unacquainted; let him read Martel's elaborately illustrated 'Les Cévennes' and Miss Betham Edwards's the 'Roof of France'; let him study the detailed maps published by the French Ministry of the Interior (not the État-Général maps), and thereupon let him straightway take the steamer for Havre, or Bordeaux, or Genoa, and hasten to Marjevols, or Mende, or Millau, or Rodez, or Villefort, and thence into the heart of the Cévennes. There he may drive, or ride his bicycle, or float down the Tarn in a flatboat. Even in January the sun must lie warm in the "cirques" of the gorges, where winter resorts are sure to be established in no long time; in summer there is air enough on the Causses; in spring or fall the climate is as delightful as at Corfu. Anybody who can stay in small Italian towns can be comfortable at the hospitable, badly-drained and well-provisioned inns. Inhabitants of deserts are said to be unhappy elsewhere: if one would know the charms of a well-watered and commodious desert, penetrated by diligences and perforated by the telegraph, if one would experience the East without the long journey thither, let him betake himself to the Cévennes.

## GLADSTONE'S HORACE, AND OTHERS.

*The Odes of Horace.* Translated into English by W. E. Gladstone. Charles Scribner's Sons. 1894. Pp. xii, 154.

*The Odes of Horace.* Books I. and II. Done into English verse; with Andromeda, Ariadne, and Jason. By J. Howard Deazeley, M.A., Merton College, Oxford. London: Henry Frowde; New York: Macmillan. 1894. Pp. iv, 91.

*The Hawarden Horace.* By Charles L. Graves, author of 'The Blarney Ballads,' 'The Green above the Red.' 2d edition. London: Smith, Elder & Co. 1894. Pp. vi, 91.

*The Odes and Epodes of Horace.* Edited with introduction and notes by Clement Lawrence Smith, Professor of Latin in Harvard University. [College Series of Latin Authors.] Boston: Ginn & Co. 1894. Pp. lxxxvii, 404.

ALL readers of Horace remember the flood of malediction he pours upon a certain tree which nearly killed him by its fall. Ode after ode gives utterance to these bitter feelings. That the woodman of Hawarden, never so happy as in swinging his axe, should, in the fulness of time, appear among the translators of Horace, seems in accordance with the fitness of things. Mr. Gladstone lays down in his preface most judicious rules for a version of Rome's solitary lyrist, beginning with the necessity of compression, a quality which not one of his own original works ever exhibited, and ending with melody, which indeed he has often introduced into his magnificent orations, but a melody constructed in other keys and with other cadences than those of Horace. But when it comes to working out these rules, Mr. Gladstone has failed, as so many brilliant and sensitive minds have failed before him, in recalling even a shadow of the charm which invests every strain of the friend of Virgil and Mæcenas. Compression he has sought to attain by destroying one of the most striking characteristics of English as opposed to Latin: he cuts out articles and particles with an unsparing hand, wherever their troublesome syllables would prolong his verse, till many of his lines read like a telegraphic message, as far removed as possible from the flow which is so marked a quality of Horace. And his own potent charm as an orator has scarcely a note in common with the charm of the hymn to Aphrodite or the odes to Dellius and Postumus. He has given his best energy to reproduce the sense and spirit of the original. He has drawn on the entire English vocabulary to avoid the elaborate circumlocutions of Francis, and he has wisely clung to the classic English metres, instead of straying off into the vagaries of Bulwer. He has, perhaps wisely again, made his metrical forms suit the temper of the odes, rather than use the same English form invariably for the same Latin. He has done a great deal; but the delicacy, the flow, the tone hovering on the borders of jest and earnest, and passing so easily into either as the poet demands; the new richness given to common words, the simplicity which attends the introduction of strange ones—in a word, the charm—is no more attained by Mr. Gladstone than by his many predecessors.

It would be unfair to give specimens of the worst failures—the mistakes in sense, the jolting lines, the uncouth words, the un-English inversions, unfortunate exaggerations of such as are strange even in Latin. Not a few odes are sad travesties of beautiful originals; and what is worst, Horace's best odes suffer most. As a not unfair specimen of the more successful efforts, take the appeal to the gods from *Jam satis terris:*

> Which god shall trembling Rome entreat
> A falling empire's weight to bear?
> How vestals find petition meet
> For ears less open now to prayer?
>
> To whom shall Jove the charge assign
> Our crimes to cancel? Come at last
> With clouds, Apollo, Seer Divine,
> About thy shining shoulders cast.
>
> Or please it thee, fair Venus, come,
> To laugh with Sport and Cupid taught,
> Or Mars, our founder thou; if Rome
> And thine own seed be worth a thought.
>
> Enough of thine insatiate swoop,
> Thy game of shout and burnished helm,
> And the fell rush of Marsian troop
> Their bleeding foes to overwhelm.
>
> Or, gentle Maia's winged son,
> If with an altered form content,
> Deign to be Cæsar's champion,
> Shrined in his earthly tenement.
>
> Long be thy joyous reign in Rome,
> Late the return to heaven be won,
> Nor earlier take thy passage home
> Our manners, foul with sin, to shun.
>
> As father and as prince abide,
> And here thy lofty triumphs gain,
> Nor let the Mede unpunished ride
> While Cæsar lives, and lives to reign.

In the first line, the word *populus*, so significant in Rome, is lost; in the third, Vesta's name is transmuted to an adjective, as, in the third stanza, the adjective *Erycina* becomes Venus. "Cancel" is a poor substitute for *expiandi*. The second line in the stanza to Venus is a mere perversion; the fourth line to Mars is good, but the introduction of the name, and the changed position, sadly weaken the force of *Auctor*. The next stanza is full of non-existent and non-Horatian imagery, and "troop" is exactly wrong for *peditis*. In the next, *ultor* is not "champion." "Shrined in his earthly tenement" is like Pope, or rather Darwin, as an expansion of *in terris*. Then when we come to *intersis populo Quirini*, we are offered "reign in Rome"—exactly what Augustus never dared to do, nor his best friends to propose; and the same blunder occurs in *te duce*. Perhaps *aura* fairly suggests a voyage; but "take thy passage" is painfully suggestive of a ticket office; and "the return to heaven be won" may be very well when Augustus is compared to Pollux or Hercules, but wholly wrong when he is identified with Mercury. Yet the worst of these mistakes might pass if only the air, the tone, or the flow were Horatian. But it is not; and they must stand in their full shadow.

Mr. Deazeley's version of the first two books of Horace can hardly be called more successful than Mr. Gladstone's. The translator has attempted some new forms, or rather new combinations of ancient forms of metre, to represent the Horatian strophes, but with scant success. Like his illustrious senior, he deals havoc, for the sake of compression, among the little words, and strains the English vocabulary, copious as it is, to give something of an equivalent for each Latin word. As far as the music of his line goes, he need not fear a comparison with the veteran. But there is always the terrible doubt which Matthew Arnold raised about Sotheby's and Wright's versions of the 'Iliad'—if there was any reason for their existing. The original poems which make up the rest of his little volume are in very melodious verse. But the inspiration of them hardly springs straight from Homer, or Euripides, or even from Apollonius and Ovid. There is too much Tennyson and Swinburne read into the lines of the ancient Hellenic story. Better let the dreamy second-thought of our century seek no themes to invest with its haze earlier than King Arthur, and leave

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Ariadne and Jason to "the pure light of an Ionian sky."

Mr. Graves's very lively 'Hawarden Horace' consists of sixteen burlesque adaptations of as many odes of Horace, in the style of Thackeray's play on "Persicos odi." Their Latin titles all indicate, not obscurely, public or private friends of Mr. Gladstone, and they are supposed to be written by him in the true spirit of Horace's universally contented and moderate Epicureanism, in most amusing contrast to the stately yet often passionate philosophy of the great man of whom they make fun. Mr. Gladstone has not been renowned for seeing the humor of his antagonists; yet his classical sympathies must have kept him from taking offence at the wonderfully pat and melodious absurdities of Mr. Graves's volume. It deserves to be bought and read by every Horatian, who, if he knows anything of English politics in the last ten years, must laugh till he cries over it. We select one of the shortest odes, simply because it is such, a version of "Vile potabis," addressed "Ad Amicum"—in other words, Sir John Acton, who, though a Roman Catholic, was made a peer by Mr. Gladstone:

> Dear Acton, next Wednesday at dinner,
> I cannot but honestly think,
> You'll find that my claret is thinner
> Than that you're accustomed to drink.
> Twelve shillings a dozen it cost me
> That year—I remember it well—
> When Oxford, that loved me yet lost me,
> Created you Hon. D. C. L.
>
> The cheers by your presence excited
> That filled the Sheldonian dome,
> The Vatican vastly delighted,
> And sensibly gratified Rome.
> And so, for the savor historic
> That clings to my modest Bordeaux,
> You'll pardon its want of caloric,
> And vote it the choicest of Clos.

While on the subject of Horace, it seems right to award a word of appreciative notice to the elegant and scholarly edition of the Odes and Epodes by Prof. C. L. Smith, known to all Harvard students for a quarter of a century as a devoted teacher of the poet's works. Mr. Smith derived his appreciation of Horace from the late President Thomas Chase, one of our most thorough and refined scholars, and the pupil's work is worthy of the master's. To some of his variations on the conventional interpretations exception must be taken; especially to that in Od. iii., 30, 2, where, after Kiessling, he makes *situ* mean "decay," and translates "*regali situ pyramidum altius*," "loftier than the royal crumbling of the pyramids," *i. e.*, "loftier than the royal pyramids which will crumble." If he accepts *Marsi* in Od. i, 2, 38, and *vepris* in i., 23, 5, against all the MSS., it seems amazing he should retain the all but impossible *Apulicum* in iii., 24, 4. He hardly appreciates, though stating it, the full force of the argument for rejecting two lines in iv., 8. As was pointed out in our recent review of a life of Cicero, it seems very unnecessary to depart from the practice of the elder historians, and designate the triumvir not only as "Octavius" and "Augustus," but also as "Octavian." He is undoubtedly called *Octavianus* by Cicero and Pollio, to say nothing of later writers; but Cicero calls him *Octavius* almost alternately with the other, and the case of Brutus seems to show that the old name was frequently used after adoption had in strictness changed it.

## THOMPSON'S RECOLLECTIONS.

*Recollections of Sixteen Presidents, from Washington to Lincoln.* By Richard W. Thompson. 2 vols. Indianapolis: The Bowen-Merrill Co. 1894.

THE title of this work is misleading, and is in fact a misnomer. Personal recollections of sixteen Presidents are almost totally wanting, and the disappointed reader will find merely a brief history of their several administrations. The value of this history must of course depend chiefly upon its trustworthiness in dealing with matters of fact, and on this vital point we are sorry to find it disfigured by serious inaccuracies and mistakes.

In referring to the charter of a United States Bank, and the policy of protection and internal improvements (i., 205-6), Mr. Thompson says:

> "All these measures, and others incident to them, were directly involved in the Presidential campaign of 1840, and were so fully discussed before large audiences in every State and in almost every neighborhood, as well as in the newspapers, that the whole country was apprised of them, as well as of the arguments by which they were defended and assailed. I have personally participated somewhat actively in sixteen Presidential campaigns, covering a period of more than threescore years, and I do not hesitate to affirm that I have never known one when the distinctive political issues involved were discussed and investigated with more thoroughness. . . . This is certain, as every survivor of that period will remember, that the opinions of Harrison upon all these questions were well understood by the public—for what he thought and believed with reference to them was made the special object of public inquiry."

The intelligent survivors of the year 1840 will be amazed at these statements. The Harrison campaign was a national frolic. Its orators talked eloquently about "the hard times," and promised the people "two dollars a day and roast beef" if they would elect "Tippecanoe and Tyler too." The campaign was set to music, and the song seriously threatened to drown the stump-speech. The Whig masses did not want argument, because they believed the political millennium was at hand, and they preferred to revel in the anticipation of it. Mr. Thompson talks about "the distinctive political issues involved"; but the convention which nominated Harrison avowed no principles whatever. He was not himself a Whig, but a strict-constructionist, who denied to the general Government all power except that which is *expressly* granted by the Constitution, and who boasted in his speeches that he had been educated in the school of the Henrys, the Masons, and the Jeffersons. He doubted the constitutionality of a national bank, and it could not be shown by his published letters or any other satisfactory proof that he agreed with the Whigs on the policy of protection and internal improvements. Indeed, it was his non-committalism on the leading Whig issues and his "neutrality of tint" which constituted his "availability," and led his managers to sacrifice Henry Clay in the Harrisburg convention, because of the right-angled character of his principles as a party leader. As to Tyler, he was not a Whig in any sense, but a Democrat of the Nullification pattern. There was, in fact, but one issue on which the Whigs were perfectly agreed, and that was a change in the national administration. To call such a demonstration a campaign of ideas and arguments is to trifle with the unquestionable facts of our history, and to bring into question the trustworthiness of Mr. Thompson's statements in dealing with other matters.

Mr. Thompson's treatment of Van Buren is equally surprising and indefensible. In speaking of his connection with Jackson and the advantages it gave him (i., 174), he says:

> "If the intelligent searcher of our history shall carefully keep these considerations in mind, he will find it difficult to escape the conviction that, if Van Buren had not been elected President in 1836, we should have escaped our late civil war. History is something of a labyrinth, yet it is not impossible, in tracing the course of events, to discover the points where they work together and establish, as well as illustrate, its philosophy."

In support of this view, he cites the fact that in 1836 both houses of Congress disclaimed any right to meddle with slavery in the States or in the District of Columbia, and that the House of Representatives adopted Pinckney's resolution (afterwards known as Atherton's Gag Rule), which was finally abrogated under the leadership of John Quincy Adams. On the basis of this action Mr. Thompson thinks a final settlement of the slavery question was attainable, and would have been established but for the pernicious efforts of Van Buren, in the interest of his own ambition, to make the people of the South believe that the Northern States were hostile to their constitutional rights.

These views are so amazing that it is difficult to see how any student of American politics could ever have embraced them. History must indeed be "something of a labyrinth" if it has led Mr. Thompson so far astray. Such a peace-offering as the surrender of the right of petition and the freedom of debate could only aggravate and intensify the strife between the sections. As to the civil war, Van Buren could neither produce nor prevent the catastrophe, for the simple reason that it was the outcome of the anti-slavery conflict, which had its genesis in the concessions made to slavery in the formation of the Constitution. A man who undertakes to write the history of sixteen administrations ought to know this. Van Buren had faults and made mistakes, and this is true of all our famous public men; but he was a man of undoubted ability, and his private life was without reproach, while the record of his administration will compare favorably with that of a majority of his successors. On the slavery question he was not preëminently unfaithful to freedom. He opposed the repeal of the Missouri Compromise of 1820. On the great and vital issue involved in the annexation of Texas he took the right side, and maintained it in the face of the anathemas of the South. Of all this Mr. Thompson seems to know nothing, while charging him with fomenting a sectional strife which threatened the existence of the Union for the despicable purpose of improving his chances for office.

Mr. Thompson reiterates the charge which he has been repeating for fifty years, that the Liberty party defeated Clay in 1844. He has doubtless fully persuaded himself that this charge is true; but the fact is that Clay defeated himself by his vacillating course on the question of annexing Texas, as shown in his famous Alabama letters, which sorely grieved and disappointed many of his best Whig friends in the free States and fairly justified the action of the Liberty party. Mr. Thompson's partisan zeal as an old Whig blinds his eyes to other facts which easily account for Clay's defeat, such as Polk's Kane letter, which rallied the Democrats of Pennsylvania to his support under the banner of "Polk, Dallas, and the Tariff of 1842," the Plaquemine frauds in Louisiana, engineered by John Slidell, and the influence of Nativism, which had just broken out in our great cities and become a political power. All these were added to the heavy weights under which the Whig craft went down; but Mr. Thompson can see only the baleful hand of Abolitionism in accounting for the fall of his idolized leader.

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Mr. Thompson's statements in dealing with the administrations of Taylor and Fillmore (ii., 315) are equally surprising. He says:

"Each of the compromise measures, in the order in which they were passed, became the law by his [Fillmore's] approval. In this respect he acted in precise conformity to the line of policy which Taylor had indicated, so that, in so far as the slavery question was involved, the two administrations were in full accord. That he thereby caused some dissatisfaction in the North is undoubtedly true, but this came from the 'Barnburners,' as they were called, who had rallied to the support of Van Buren, and who, while they did not receive the popular vote of a single State, kept up their organization, well knowing that it had a twofold effect—to divide the North and solidify the South. This, however, did not drive him from his course, and at this point in his history he exhibited, as it has always seemed to me, the very highest and most commendable qualities of statesmanship."

This is not history, but fiction. The administrations of Taylor and Fillmore in dealing with the slavery question were in direct antagonism. Taylor's plan of settlement looked to the early admission of California and New Mexico as States, without the slightest executive dictation or intermeddling with their action as Territories. He thought California was entitled to be admitted at once, on the merits of its application, and that it should not be loaded down with a Texas Boundary Bill, a new Fugitive Slave Law, or any action by Congress affecting the question of slavery in these Territories. He was, therefore, utterly opposed to Mr. Clay's scheme of compromise, which Senator Benton derisively named his "Omnibus Bill." This position exasperated Jefferson Davis and the extremists of the South, whose attempt to intimidate the President only made him more invincible. Clay and several of his compromise associates also completely lost their temper, and spoke of him with scorn and contempt, while both Northern and Southern members saw that the President's scheme of settlement would in all probability secure our Territories to freedom and free labor. It was a critical time in the anti slavery conflict, for it became evident on all sides that the President would never surrender; and when he died, "Clay's Omnibus," as Prof. Von Holst declares, "was left sticking in a swamp," where, there is every reason to believe, it would have remained if Gen. Taylor had not died at that critical moment. The Barnburners were dissatisfied with Fillmore because he repudiated the policy of his predecessor, and even the Free Soil members of Congress, who had zealously opposed Taylor's election, were now his best friends. His sympathies were with them, and when Fillmore turned his back upon his anti-slavery professions as a New York Whig, the leading anti-slavery men throughout the country denounced him as an apostate, as they afterwards denounced Webster for his seventh of March speech. To say that Fillmore "acted in precise conformity to the line of policy which Taylor indicated," and that, "so far as the slavery question was involved, the two administrations were in full accord," is to make a jest of history. It profanes the name of Taylor by linking it wi h a policy which he indignantly spurned; while it seeks to whitewash the memory of Fillmore as the champion of the compromise of 1850.

But our space precludes further criticism in detail. In the matter of style the work is fairly well done, and the interest is well sustained. The account of the trial of John Quincy Adams is especially graphic and fascinating. The radical fault of this history, as we have already indicated, is its lack of moral tone. Its atmosphere, so to speak, is unhealthy. What the writer thinks about negro slavery, and whether he believes the civil war was caused by the abolitionists or the slaveholders, are matters about which the reader is left to his conjectures. The fatherly tenderness with which he speaks of Pierce, Fillmore, and Buchanan is equally characteristic, and is in striking contrast with Hildreth and Von Holst, who have set us the wholesome example of unsparingly telling the truth about our public men. Indeed, Mr. Thompson's point of view has tainted his entire work. His early devotion to slavery has never been cooled, and constantly broods over his pages. While in Congress in 1842 he voted to censure Mr. Giddings for introducing his *Creole* resolutions. He opposed the Free Soil movement of 1848, and has been the defender of the Compromise of 1850 ever since its adoption. He was a zealous champion of the Indiana Black Laws. He justified the repeal of the Missouri Compromise, and condemned all organized movements in the free States to make Kansas free. He declared that the refusal to admit Kansas as a State on account of slavery would be a virtual dissolution of the Union. He believed the slaveholders had as perfect a right to take their slaves into the Territories and hold them there, as the people of the free States had to do the same with their cattle. He argued that the discussion of the slavery question by the people of the free States was unconstitutional, and that slavery was sanctioned by Abraham and the patriarchs, as well as by Christ and his Apostles, while it involved no moral question whatever. He believed the South had always acted generously towards the North, and never committed any aggressions upon her rights, but that the North had always been the aggressor. He was a Know-Nothing leader in 1856, and one of the State electors for Fillmore, and in 1860 he took the field for Bell and Everett, and denounced the Republican leaders as nullifiers and disunionists. That a writer with such a moral outfit and surveying the field of politics from such a standpoint could write American history truly, was to be expected only by the believers in the miraculous; while his recognized leadership in a party which was founded nearly half a century ago by Lincoln, Seward, Sumner, and Chase, and which prides itself on the emancipation of 4,000,000 slaves, is a frightful illustration of the truth that "politics makes strange bedfellows," or a melancholy confession of party degeneracy.

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*The Life of Jonathan Swift*, Dean of St. Patrick's, Dublin. By Henry Craik. 2d edition, with portraits. 2 vols. Macmillan & Co. 1894.

THERE are two ways of writing biography, both good. If Mr. Forster had completed his Life of Swift, we should have had a vivid picture, not only of the man, but of the time. We should have been introduced to Addison, Pope, Steele, Arbuthnot, Sheridan, as they lived and talked, and should have watched the bewildering shifts and changes of politics as the political kaleidoscope kept turning. But such a book would have been at least twice as bulky as that before us. Mr. Craik has limited himself to the facts of Swift's life, with no more extraneous matter than is necessary for understanding the story. But he has spared no pains in collecting his material: he has sifted and weighed the evidence on doubtful points with laudable candor; and while a conscientious endeavor to get at the exact truth is apparent throughout, his attitude towards his subject is distinctly sympathetic and friendly. The result is that we lay down the book with a worse impression of Swift than that produced by the lurid painting of Macaulay. Macaulay, when handling a Tory, and especially an apostate from the Whigs, never shrinks from suppression, distortion, or insinuation: he dips his brush in the darkest colors. For this personal equation the reader is ready to make the necessary allowances; but when we find a friend and apologist making no better defence than is made here, the case, we feel, must be bad indeed.

We are not disposed to pass any harsh judgment on Swift's political career. Whether he quitted the Whig party because the Tories seemed then to hold the winning hand, or because it had not done enough for him, or from some more creditable motive, is not now of much account. Political disloyalty was epidemic, and almost everybody of mark was mixed up in questionable intrigues, if not tampering with positive treason. Enthusiasm of all kinds was dead, and nobody was willing to be a martyr for a cause that he only half believed in. The only real loyalty left was with the uncompromising Jacobites, and their cause was as hopeless as it was insensate. Swift was at best but a half-hearted Whig, and the change was not great to a half-hearted Tory.

But it is his personal relations that give the dark side to Swift's character. It is clear that he was selfish, callous, and vain to an extraordinary degree; bitterly and implacably resenting the least slight to himself, and brutally indifferent to the feelings or the rights of others. So conspicuous are these traits that his friendly biographer has to invent special pleas for him—that an extraordinary genius like Swift cannot be judged by ordinary standards, and that his cruelty to friends and kindred was a kind of self-torture practised for the discipline of his own soul. For example, just when he felt that his foot was on the ladder which led to promotion, his only sister married a currier of Dublin. True, he was a man of education, well-to-do, and moving in respectable society. But disgust at this alliance with a base mechanic craft was enough to cancel all ties of blood, and Swift broke off all connection with his sister for ever. It is true that when, by her husband's bankruptcy and death, she was left a penniless widow, he allowed her a pension; but he saw her no more, nor otherwise recognized her existence. As Mr. Craik puts it, "with his usual self-torture, he refused himself the boon of personal affection for the one really close relation that he possessed."

The episode of Miss Waring is still more characteristic. When Swift was only the poor prebendary of Kilroot, on a stipend of £100, he made passionate love to this lady, who had some fortune. The lady did not at once either accept or reject him. So the matter rested till he had been taken into the service of Lord Berkeley, had accompanied that nobleman to England, and the vision of political preferment and fortune was before him. Then he "found it needful to put a period" to this encumbering affair, and wrote to his "Varina" that he doubted her fitness to be his wife, and that the idea had better be given up; but if she is disposed to insist on it, he is willing to take her, "without regarding whether your person be beautiful or your fortune large." Such a letter, the candid biographer admits, would have been brutal in any one but Swift; with him it is "unsparing truthfulness," combined with imperviousness to sympa-

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thy. It is true, he showed the same callousness of heart where his own interest was not concerned, as is seen in that passage in his journal where he chuckles over the fact that he had arrived just in time to prevent the secretary from signing the pardon of a man condemned to be hanged. He knew nothing of the man except that he was "a fiddler," "and so," he triumphantly ends, "he shall swing." Mr. Craik does not mention this very characteristic anecdote, so we do not know whether he would call it an antinomy of genius or an act of spiritual discipline.

The circumstances involving the deepest blot on Swift's fame, his heartless treatment of Vanessa, are conscientiously related and his conduct but faintly excused. "He humored her passion," and "it played only on the outside of his life," we are told. He kindled and cherished the affection of a pure and tender woman, allowed her passion to grow unchecked, and then killed her as cruelly as if he had plunged a dagger into her confiding heart; and we are told that she was the unhappy victim of "the self-absorbed loneliness of genius." No doubt; but might this not have been expressed in directer phrase?

Mr. Craik is convinced of Swift's marriage to Stella, and states the arguments very fully in an appendix. We cannot see that the case has been made out on either side, but incline to doubt the marriage. There might be reasons why Swift should not marry; but we can see none why the pair should go through a form which was but the mockery of a holy rite, which in no respect changed their relations, and was to be kept for ever secret. For our own part, we believe Swift to have been absolutely incapable of love to man or to woman, as he was incapable of that self-abnegation which is love's essence. He liked dearly to be flattered and caressed, to have great lords call him "Jonathan," to have ministers ask his advice, and duchesses solicit his acquaintance; and he liked to write about all this to Stella, and tell her how he despised them all. And when, after all, no bishopric fell to his share, and he saw that an Irish deanery was the highest point of all his greatness, then he tells us that he despises and loathes mankind. Is this the misanthropy of Timon or of Apemantus?

Swift's unquestioned power of attracting and imposing on both men and women must have been due to some personal quality which we seek in vain in his works. His political tracts, vigorously as they are written, show no deeper statesmanship than temporary expediency; his satires are bitter and usually coarse lampoons, with neither the energy of Dryden nor the keenness of Pope. The 'Tale of a Tub,' by many thought his best work, fails to leave any permanent impression on the reader beyond that of a series of bitter gibes without unity or definite purpose. But one thing he certainly did, and we thank him for it: at a time when elegance was thought to be all in all in writing, he showed what power lay in a simple virile style, and what plain, homely words could do when managed by a master's hand. His style alone preserves his works from joining that respectable company on the shore of Lethe, of "books which no gentleman's library should be without."

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*Criticisms on Contemporary Thought and Thinkers.* Selected from the *Spectator*. By Richard Holt Hutton. 2 vols. Macmillan & Co. 1894.

Mr. Hutton's essays are excellent specimens of the best sort of critical and controversial writing. His plain, straightforward, and very lucid style is an admirable vehicle for what he has to say about the thought and thinkers of the day. No one can read these volumes without becoming impressed with the very agreeable feeling that his own power of criticism has been heightened by the perusal.

On the whole, we have found what we may call the non-literary essays the best—for instance, those on Carlyle and Mill. Here Mr. Hutton is thoroughly at home. In his literary criticism he is apt to be a little too deep—willing enough, perhaps, to recognize the fact that literature should be judged as literature—recognizing the danger of groping about for explanations of the character of the finished product in that of the man himself—but still dissatisfied unless he is sure that his plummet has got a little lower down than all the other plummets. For criticism of a poet like Burns, for instance, Matthew Arnold is enough. He may be right when he discovers "Tam o' Shanter" a more genuine literary product than "A Man's a Man for a' That"; but when Mr. Hutton adds to this that in the latter poem Burns was expressing "what he wished to feel, but on the whole did not succeed in feeling, *though it would have been better for him if he had succeeded*," we feel that really we are beyond our depth, and cannot help suspecting that Mr. Hutton is too. If Burns had succeeded in feeling what he wished to feel but did not, it might have been better for him as a man and a poet, but he would obviously have been a totally different man and poet; and what he would have been had he been not Burns, but somebody else, it seems idle to speculate. Of course it is absurd to say that you shall not examine Burns's poetry in the light of what we know about his life. We cannot, perhaps, prevent the one from influencing our judgment of the other; but certainly no habit is more apt to warp the mind, especially of the English-speaking critic, and nothing, we may add, so fosters the power of seeing extremely far into millstones.

But when Mr. Hutton is in his own field—that is, when he is discussing pure thought—he is a master. His essays on Mill and Carlyle are excellent specimens of criticism of a very keen kind. A better analysis and explanation of Carlyle's relation to "Shams" we have not met with anywhere. The following is the substance of it:

"It is in some respects curious that Carlyle has connected his name so effectually as he has done with the denunciation of Shams. For the passionate love of truth in its simplicity was not at all his chief characteristic. In the first place, his style is too self-conscious for that of sheer self forgetting love of truth. No man of first-rate simplicity—and first-rate simplicity is, I imagine, one of the conditions of a first-rate love of truth—would express commonplace ideas in so roundabout a fashion as he. . . . What he meant by hatred of shams, exposure of unveracities, defiances to the 'Everlasting No,' affirmation of the 'Everlasting Yes,' and the like, was not so much the love of truth as the love of divine force—the love of that which had genuine strength and effective character in it—the denunciation of imbecilities, the scorn for the dwindled life of mere conventionality and precedent."

In other words, it is not really unveracity and insincerity that he hates, and it is not Truth that he worships, but force and strength; and what he called "cant" was not hypocrisy, but obsolete, obsolescent, or even mistaken principles.

A large part of Mr. Hutton's essays is devoted to controversy. He is a stout foe of all materialism, necessarianism, and agnosticism, and a firm believer in a personal God, in freedom of will, and in a future life. In logic-chopping on these subjects he is indeed an expert controversialist. Perhaps he has at times a tendency to be what Carlyle called "sawdustish," but that is almost inherent in controversial writings on these subjects. Very likely, also, he is here and there unfair—as, for instance, in his attack on utilitarianism, in which his account of that philosophy is certainly a caricature. But in the main, as a champion of religion he is very successful.

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*United States:* Facts and figures illustrating the physical geography of the country and its material resources. Supplement I.—Population, Immigration, Irrigation. By J. D. Whitney. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1894.

Within the past few years large amounts of money have been voted by Congress for the investigation of the various phases of the irrigation problem. These appropriations have been urged on the ground that it was the duty of the Government to find some way by which the water necessary for agriculture, which nature had denied to the arid and semi-arid regions, could be artificially supplied. The two methods by which more water can be made available are, first, the better utilization of waters already on the surface, and, second, the bringing up of underground waters to the surface. The most evident method of accomplishing the first is the establishment of storage reservoirs near the sources of present streams, by means of which the water now running to waste in those seasons when it is not needed for purposes of agriculture, could be held back and distributed at the proper time. The only known method of bringing underground waters to the surface is by means of artesian wells, and a very strong popular belief exists in certain parts of the country that there is a great underflow beneath the plains, constituting actual rivers whose volume of water rivals if not exceeds that of those on the surface.

The investigations into these methods of increasing the water-supply of the arid region were mainly conducted under the direction of the Department of Agriculture and the United States Geological Survey, but reports have also been issued by various other Government departments and by Congressional committees. In the present supplement to his able work on the physical geography and material resources of the United States, which has been already noticed in these columns (1889), Prof. J. D. Whitney has devoted most of his space to a critical examination of these various reports and a discussion of the different phases of the irrigation problem. He shows that the popular idea of the underflow is an absurd one, and that the only professedly scientific arguments that have been made in favor of it by one of the special agents in charge of this investigation are incorrect deductions from erroneous premises. He considers that, except under the most favorable geological conditions, the supply of water from artesian wells cannot be expected to be sufficient for agricultural uses, and even then only for very limited areas. He points out, moreover, that irrigation under some conditions, especially when the waters carry a considerable amount of certain classes of impurities in solution, may be hurtful rather than beneficial to the soil, as has been practically demonstrated in India. The breaking of the Johnstown and Hassayampa dams has shown what a danger storage reservoirs may be to the inhabitants of the valleys below, and demon-

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strated the necessity of careful construction and constant watching by competent engineers. On the other hand, the experience of Eastern cities in building reservoirs for increasing their water-supply gives an idea of the enormous sums involved, should the building and control of storage reservoirs in the West be assumed by Government, as would seem to be the logical outcome of these investigations.

In an appendix Prof. Whitney discusses the broader question "whether changes of climate can be brought about by the agency of man." Here again he puts himself on record in opposition to a popularly accepted theory, in that he gives his reasons for disbelieving that the planting of trees will have any effect in permanently increasing the rainfall in a given region, and shows that the statement, made by so high a scientific authority as the chief signal-officer of the army, that the rainfall in the semi-arid region has increased since its occupation and cultivation, is not supported, but even controverted, by facts. He doubts, even, what has been so generally believed as to be almost an axiom of physical geography, that deforestation has been the real cause of increasing aridity in certain regions of the world during historical times.

Prof. Whitney's criticisms deserve careful consideration by those who are called upon to direct legislation with regard to irrigation, not only for their high scientific authority, but because of their freedom from any suspicion of being influenced by interested motives.

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*The Liberation of Italy:* 1815–1870. By the Countess Evelyn Martinengo Cesaresco. London. New York: Scribners. 1894.

Countess Cesaresco has given us a story, rather than a history, of Italy's struggle for unity and independence, and it is, in many respects, a well-told story. The only existing works in English with which it may be said to compete are Probyn's 'Italy: 1815 to 1878,' which is more formal, and Miss Godkin's 'Life of Victor Emanuel.' Countess Cesaresco enlivens her narrative with anecdote, and with expressions of her personal preferences and antipathies, much more than Probyn does, and we have found it much more entertaining to read. It should be added that it is a quarter larger than his, which allows her to pursue a different treatment.

The early part of the Countess's narrative lacks charm and effectiveness. She does not sufficiently emphasize the lesson taught by the abortive insurrections in 1820, 1821, and 1831; and when she comes to the great Year of Revolutions, 1848-9, she does not show how each of the parties had its trial and was found wanting. By no mere coincidence was it that ultra-radical democrats controlled Piedmont, Tuscany, and Rome in March, 1849. Possibly the entangled events of that epoch could not be satisfactorily unravelled in the course of seventy printed pages; certainly, the story of Italy can be told much more clearly after 1849, with Piedmont the acknowledged leader, than before that time, when there are the doings of half-a-dozen states and as many factions to be chronicled. Beginning with the campaign of 1859, the work shows a marked improvement, perhaps because the author was herself a witness of the events she describes, and glows in remembering the emotions which every Italian and every lover of Italy then felt. She brings out, more distinctly than has yet been done in English, the very ticklish, uncertain, and dangerous position of the Italian cause after the peace of Villafranca, and again before Garibaldi surrendered his dictatorship in Naples, and during Rattazzi's wild-cat administrations. She devotes more space than usual to the mismanaged campaign of 1866—an episode which is usually passed over with meagre mention, although at Lissa in that year was fought the last great naval battle—and her account of the Mentana fiasco is disproportionately detailed. In general we find her verdicts safe. She gives due credit to the various elements which went to the making of Italy, but it is evident that Garibaldi is her hero, and that Cavour and Mazzini kindle less enthusiasm in her, though she acknowledges their indispensable work.

The style in which the book is written would fit short essays better than an extended history. Obvious sarcasm, at times scarcely distinguishable from persiflage, fails in the long run to enliven; of this rhetorical instrument the Countess makes frequent use. She does not lack earnestness, but she sometimes lacks skill to express it. On the other hand, many of her epigrammatic phrases are more than clever, because they are more than half true. Thus, she says of the English volunteers who arrived a day too late to join Garibaldi in the battle of the Volturno: "Had they been in time for the fight, they would doubtless have left a brighter record than the only one which they did leave—that of being out of place in a country where wine was cheap." But to an historical student the most characteristic, if not irritating, quality in the book is the glibness with which the Countess asserts facts for which she produces no authority. When she tells us, for instance, that at such a date Victor Emanuel carried on secret intrigues with Mazzini, of which even the royal ministers had no knowledge, we naturally expect to learn where she got this information; but she never condescends to footnotes. Herein she makes a great mistake. If she has had, as she implies in her preface, access to sources hitherto unbroached, she ought at least to cite them. That she ignores this practice may be due to the fact that she grew up in a generation which did not teach women the difference between fact and opinion in matters of evidence.

Numerous misprints and inaccuracies might be pointed out, but a more serious defect is the lack of an index. Will British authors and publishers never develop an intellectual conscience? Good type and paper and photogravures of Garibaldi, Mazzini, Cavour and Victor Emanuel—all but the last of which are very good—make the volume attractive, and the last word we shall say about it is that it is worth reading.

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*The Hero of Esthonia*, and Other Studies in the Romantic Literature of that Country. Compiled from Esthonian and German Sources. By W. F. Kirby, F.L.S., F.E.S., etc., corresponding member of the Finnish Literary Society. London: John C. Nimmo. 2 vols.

This extremely interesting and valuable contribution to the literature of folk-lore is the outcome, Mr. Kirby informs us in his preface, of his studies in Finnish popular tales. He had expected to find in the 'Kalevipoeg' merely an Esthonian variant of the Finnish epic, the 'Kalevala,' of which he is preparing a critical English edition; but he found it so dissimilar, and at the same time so interesting, when divested of the tedious and irrelevant matter which has been added to the main story, that he decided to publish a full account of it in prose, especially as nothing of the kind has yet been attempted in English, beyond a few casual magazine articles. To his translation of the 'Kalevipoeg' the author has added a selection from the great mass of Esthonian folk-tales, which have never appeared in English, with a few ballads and short poems. How great is the mass of Esthonian folk-lore, much of which has not yet been published even in its native garb, may be judged from the collection of Pastor Jacob Hurt and his coadjutors alone, As the result of three and a half years' work. Pastor Hurt possesses more than 20,000 items of epics, lyrics, wedding songs, and so forth; about 3,000 tales, 18,000 proverbs, and 20,000 riddles, besides a large collection of magical formulæ, superstitions, and the like. Published collections in Esthonian and German augment these figures, already sufficiently surprising for the small tract of country represented on the helpful sketch-map appended to the book. Scientific interest in their national folk-lore was first aroused among Esthonians about the year 1838; popular interest is of even more recent date.

The 'Kalevipoeg,' or Lay of the Son of Kalev, consists of twenty cantos and about 19,000 verses. The metre is the eight-syllable trochaic, the commonest metre of the Esthonians and the Finns, which Longfellow rendered familiar to us in 'Hiawatha.' In the sketch of the national mythology which he prefixes, and which is of special interest to students of the 'Kalevala' as explaining the similarities to and variations from the inhabitants of the Finnish Olympus, Mr. Kirby states his belief that Finnish and Esthonian religion can be traced through four well-marked stages: (1) Fetishism; (2) Nature-worship; (3) The transitional stage marked in the 'Kalevala,' where the heroes sometimes pray to the gods in conventional Christian phraseology, and at other times try to compel their assistance by invocations and spells; (4) Mediæval Christianity. The 'Kalevipoeg' is a much more archaic and more heathenish poem than the 'Kalevala.' The mythical hero, of gigantic size, whose adventures are contained in this national epic of Esthonia, is supposed to have ruled over the country in its days of independence and prosperity. He is evidently the Kullervo of the Finnish 'Kalevala,' and is called by his patronymic, Kalevipoeg, or Kalevide, the son of Kalev. Witchcraft, sorcerers, visits to the underworld, the uprooting of gigantic oaks, the rescue of fair maidens and other oppressed persons, and the other ingredients of epic lays, including the death of the supernatural hero, are all present in the 'Kalevipoeg.' But there is a certain freshness of invention and a poetry about them which make these volumes most delightful reading.

The same can be said of the folk-tales. It might have been supposed that these tales of Finnish-Ugrian origin would be affected by the Slavic folk-lore of their neighbors, the Russians. But the author is quite correct in stating that there is hardly an element of resemblance, in either the tales or the epic 'Kalevipoeg,' to the corresponding departments of folk-lore in Russia. What few foreign elements are visible are apparently, says Mr. Kirby, Scandinavian or German; but he frequently calls attention in his notes to resemblances with the 'Thousand and One Nights' Entertainment.' There are counterparts to Cinderella, Blue Beard, and Tieck's well known story of "The Elves" (which must have been derived from a common source with its Esthonian version called "The Wood of Tontla"), and to other cosmopolitan stories.

It would be difficult to find anything more

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delicately beautiful and poetic than the story which relates how "The Milky Way" came into existence. Lindu, the Queen of the Birds, after rejecting the North Star, the Moon, and the Sun, accepts the wooing of the Northern Light. But the Northern Light must journey back towards midnight; he cannot tarry. He promises to return soon for the wedding and carry the maiden home. Lindu makes all her preparations, but the winter passes; then the spring passes. Summer arrives, but the bridegroom comes not. Lindu sits in the meadow by the river in her bridal robes, veil, and wreath, her tears streaming in little brooks, and heedless of her charges, the birds, who fly about from place to place, not knowing what to do, whither to migrate, where to find their food. Her father, Ukko (the Old God), the supreme deity, commands the winds to bring her to him. The winds bear her gently to heaven, where they set her down in the blue firmament. There dwells Lindu still, in a heavenly pavilion. Her white bridal veil spreads from one end of the heavens to the other, and he who lifts his eyes to the Milky Way beholds the maiden in her bridal robes. Thence she still directs the birds on their long migrations. She gazes at and waves her hand to the Northern Light, and in winter the Northern Light visits and asks after his bride, but they may not hold their wedding.

Hardly inferior are the legend called "The Maiden at the Vaskjala Bridge," which explains how the woman came in the Moon, and "The Song-God's Departure"; while "The Moon-Painter," which relates how there came to be a man in the Moon, is a good specimen of the ingenious and entertaining class of legends. It is seldom that such a delightful and harmless collection of folk-tales is published. It would seem as if a selection of them, properly illustrated by an artist of fantastic imagination, ought to prove successful if issued as a new book of fairy-tales for children and adults.

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*A Concordance to the Poetical Works of John Milton.* By John Bradshaw, M.A., LL.D. London: Sonnenschein; New York: Macmillan. 1894.

THE late compiler of this work reproaches a forerunner, Mr. G. L. Pendergrast, who published a concordance to Milton in 1857 at Madras (where Dr. Bradshaw's own labor also was performed), with having left his editing to the printers, "who apparently cut off from either end of a quotation such words as would not fit into a line of the Concordance, thus rendering it necessary for one consulting the work to refer in most cases to the passage in Milton." Strange to say, his own printed Concordance is strictly one-line, with occasional bald fragmentariness like this under *tangles*, "in *t.* and made"; under *peril*, "and *p.* great provoked who thus." The consequence is, that no one can browse with delight in these pages as he can in Bartlett's Concordance to Shakspere. The compression is sometimes reached by omissions, indicated by dots. There is no key to the initials which denote the several works quoted from.

There is not much more to be said about this undertaking in itself considered. Its utility is obvious, both as an index and philologically in comparison with other concordances, of which, for the latter purpose, we cannot have too many. We have run through the short letter Q in this work and in Abbott's Concordance to Pope. Milton employs but 32 separate words to Pope's 40; he has 12 which are lacking in Pope, Pope has 13 which are lacking in him, including quality, quarter (of time), queer, query, quibbles, quickness, quill (pen), quiver (*vb.*). *Quality* seems strangely disused by Milton, considering how copiously Shakspere presses it into service. But Shakspere's vocabulary admits under Q 47 words not to be found in Milton, of which all but 10 are in vogue to-day. Shakspere, like Pope, has no use for Milton's quill (the musical attachment); like Milton, but unlike Pope, for queer, query, and quibbles. There is no end to considerations like these, for which, in the fore part of the alphabet, we may turn to Dr. Murray's Dictionary in connection with the above-named concordances.

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*The Revolutionary and Napoleonic Era: 1789–1815.* By J. H. Rose, M.A., University Extension Lecturer in Modern History. Cambridge (Eng.): The University Press; New York: Macmillan. 1894.

THE aim of the Cambridge Historical Series, which this volume begins, and of which Prof. G.W. Prothero is the editor, is to describe European and colonial history from about the fifteenth century. Mr. Rose's treatment of his subject is fresh and vigorous, but the special value of his book comes from his interest in the economic side of the struggle between Napoleon and England. This has enabled him to give greater intelligibility to Napoleon's later career. The prevalent opinion which attributes the wars after 1807 to an insatiable and reckless ambition he rejects, and clearly shows that they were due to the necessities of that Continental system by which the Emperor sought to humble the mistress of the seas. The degree to which Mr. Rose has enhanced the interest of his book by turning aside from the beaten paths of military and political history leads one to wish he had departed more radically still, and had not simply summed up social changes, but had described them. The effect of the Continental system upon the development of manufactures in France and Germany has received no adequate treatment in English. It is difficult to find out to what extent internal free trade prevailed throughout the Empire and its vassal States, and yet this is a question of the first importance.

The weakest part of Mr. Rose's book is his description of the Revolution in France. His lack of interest in it is shown by the fact that he devotes exactly the same space to the Waterloo campaign as to the history of France from the treason of Dumouriez in March, 1793, to the end of the Convention in October, 1795. Various statements in these meagre pages are open to objection; as, for example, the assertion that "the records of the Commune show a careful preparation for" the September massacres. Doubtless the Commune can be held responsible because it did not effectually prevent these massacres, but M. Aulard has proved in the 'Révolution Française' that the Commune was the only constituted authority which made any definite effort to stop them. Among minor inaccuracies may be mentioned the reference in the description of the Royal Session, June 23, 1789, to the Grand Master of Ceremonies as "an usher, de Brézé," a change of function which gives an insignificant setting to Mirabeau's great retort. Mr. Rose also again attributes to Barère that phrase about "coining money on the Place de la Révolution" which Barère himself repudiated with horror, and which is probably as much a fable as his motion that "Terror be made the order of the day."

It is noticeable that Mr. Rose visits a greater moral condemnation upon Napoleon for the murder of the Duc d'Enghien than upon the British Government for its attack upon Copenhagen in time of peace—an attack which destroyed eighteen hundred houses and killed nearly two thousand of the inhabitants. English writers feel that in her struggle with Napoleon England was fighting for some principle, like the liberation of Europe, and they therefore regard with complacency her brutal violations of neutral rights throughout the contest.

This volume is furnished with several excellent maps.

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*Polar Gleams:* An Account of a Voyage on the Yacht *Blencathra*. By Helen Peel. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. 1894. Pp. xx, 211. 8vo. Illustrated.

CAPT. JOSEPH WIGGINS of Sunderland, the well-known arctic shipmaster, realizing the importance to Siberian commerce of an outlet by sea, and the profitable returns which would result from the demonstration of its existence, boldly entered the Kara Sea in 1874 and cruised about in those waters for eight weeks. The following year Nordenskiöld in the *Prören* entered the mouth of the Yenisei in safety and repeated the voyage successfully, on the *Ymer*, in 1877.

These explorations showed the practicability of the route in most years, during the summer months, and Capt. Wiggins made a number of subsequent voyages of which a fair proportion turned out well. The construction of the Siberian Railway having been decided upon, it became a most important matter that some way should be found to transport rails to various intermediate points on the great Siberian rivers, in order that construction might proceed on several sections of the route simultaneously. The first expedition of this sort was prepared in 1893, and comprised the steamer *Orestes*, with 1,600 tons of steel rails, the steam-yacht *Minusinsk*, with machinery, and the steam-yacht *Blencathra* as a convoy. The last named is better known to arctic travellers as the old *Pandora* of Sir Allan Young, with a good arctic record. This little fleet was joined at Vardö, Norway, by three light-draught vessels of the Russian navy. The *Orestes* was commanded by Capt. Wiggins, and the naval contingent by Lieut. Dobrotvorski.

Leaving Vardö on the 22d of August, the Kara Sea was entered a week later, the Yenisei on the 2d of September, and the port of discharge, Golchika, 200 miles up-stream, the following day. After three weeks spent in discharging, the Russian vessels proceeded on their way up stream to Yeniseisk, and the *Orestes* and *Blencathra* on their homeward voyage. The yacht touched at Archangel and various Norwegian ports, reaching Dundee early in November. The complete success of the experiment was followed by an order for the transportation of 19,000 tons of rails during the season of 1894.

Miss Peel was one of two ladies, guests of the owner of the *Blencathra*, the first of their sex to make the passage of the Kara Sea. Her experiences are told in a lively and readable manner, and illustrated by a number of creditable pictures from photographs taken *en route*. She is a godchild of Lord Dufferin, who contributes a most amusing preface, while Capt. Wiggins adds a chapter on his journey to Yeniseisk and St Petersburg, and some notes on Nansen's polar expedition. Mr. Frederick G. Jackson, who had been a passenger on the

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*Orestes*, sends a letter on his proposed arctic exploration; and ten pages from an official prospectus of the Siberian Railway, together with a brief abstract of the log of the *Blencathra*, are included in an appendix.

The book is handsomely got up, and serves very well as a memorial of the first important commercial event in the development now planned for Siberia, and also, as Lord Dufferin remarks in the preface, "exhibits the untamable audacity of our modern maidens."

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*Sea and Land:* Features of Coasts and Oceans, with special reference to the Life of Man. By N. S. Shaler, Professor of Geology in Harvard University. Charles Scribner's Sons. 1894.

More than two-thirds of the surface of the globe is occupied by the waters of the ocean, whose floor over immense areas is at a greater depth below its surface than the summits of the highest mountains are above it. When we consider that, on land, life is confined to a few score of feet above its surface, but, in the ocean, since the greater part of its creatures may freely swim or float, life may extend miles below the surface, we see that the quantity if not the variety of forms of organic life which flourish in it must be vastly greater than that of land life, and that it presents an inexhaustible field for scientific research. Although man has for centuries travelled up and down upon the surface of the ocean, and an important part of his sustenance is derived from it, it is only within a comparatively few years that any attempt has been made to investigate thoroughly the character of life and the conditions that prevail within its depths. One of the most striking results of the investigations thus far made has been the confirmation of the theory already held by advanced minds among geologists, that the relative distribution of land and water on the surface of the globe has been practically what it is now since the earliest geological times—in other words, that the abysmal depths of the ocean have never been land-areas, as was supposed by the early geologists, reasoning from the fact that marine shells are found in the limestones (supposed to be necessarily of deep-water formation) that now form a large proportion of our mountain ranges. Many new and interesting discoveries have also been made as to the life of the deep sea, the character of its bottom, and other matters, which are set forth in popular form in the volume before us in Prof. Shaler's well-known and admirable style. He has not confined himself to the depths of the ocean, but gives a chapter to the icebergs which float upon its surface and are a source of constant and ever-recurring danger to European tourists. He also treats of its borders, which have been one of his special fields of geological study, of the formation of sea-beaches and harbors, and the influence the latter have had upon civilization.

Whoever loves the ocean and makes annual visits to the seashore can hardly fail to read with interest the rational and scientific explanations here offered for many familiar phenomena, and thereafter view with increased pleasure the well-known features of his favorite summer resorts.

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*A Constitutional History of the House of Lords*, from original sources. By Luke Owen Pike, M.A., Assistant Keeper of the Public Records. Macmillan & Co. 1894.

Historical workers in England, as in other countries, fall into several distinct classes. There are the professors, like Dr. Stubbs; the private scholars, like Mr. Freeman during the greater part of his career; the men of letters, like Mr. Froude. One class, however, has for some time been singularly absent—that of the "archivists." Fifty years ago it was different, as the great names of Sir Henry Ellis and Sir Francis Palgrave sufficiently testify. To whatever the disappearance of the class may have been due—whether to a certain undue democratization of historical writing, as some allege, or, as others declare, to the absurd rigidity of the rules regulating employment in the Record Office, which are calculated to create clerks rather than scholars—it is certainly a regrettable fact; for the archivist, with his occasionally irritating attention to minutiæ, brings a useful corrective to the tendency towards hasty generalization that so easily besets historical writers. It is a happy augury for the future scientific productivity of the English Record Office, that of late years two such men have made themselves heard from within it as Mr. Hubert Hall and Mr. Luke Owen Pike.

The reader who goes to Mr. Pike's 'History of the House of Lords' expecting to find a work, as the London *Daily Telegraph* used to say, "palpitating with actuality," will be disappointed. Almost the only material to be found in it directly bearing upon current politics is the account, on p. 386, of Lord Salisbury's scheme for the creation of Life Peers, brought forward in 1888. Mr. Pike justly remarks, from his own point of view as an archivist, that "it would serve no good purpose to mention all the bills which have been accepted in the House of Commons and rejected by the House of Lords." "I could not presume to say," he remarks, "that either house had acted rightly or wrongly. In each case one party might hold one opinion, another party another opinion." He did well, perhaps, to restrict himself to an unadorned statement of legal facts bearing upon the constitution of the House and the qualifications for membership. But, in so doing, one cannot help remarking that it is hardly a history that he gives us; it is rather a sort of expanded chronological table, interspersed with learned disquisitions on such points as whether the Bishops can be described with technical accuracy as Peers of the Realm.

There is a story that when a young Oxford student thought to make use of the statutory promise of the Regius Professor of Modern History to give "informal instruction," and, calling upon him with that intent, ventured, with faltering lips, to express his interest in the early history of the Privy Council, the great Prof. Stubbs cried out: "Oh, I know nothing of the Privy Council; you must ask Dicey." It is, indeed, a thorny subject, on which even so learned a scholar might well hesitate to theorize. The ardent students of the future will have another resource besides Prof. Dicey—they will turn to Mr. Pike's pages; for the origin of the Privy Council is so intimately bound up with the origin of Parliament that our author has taken occasion to go into the matter at some length. We will not attempt to set forth his conclusions here, except to notice that he declares Sir Matthew Hale's old and well-known distinction between the "Concilium Privatum" and the "Concilium Ordinarium" to be devoid of sufficient warrant (p. 44*n*)—a conclusion which some perplexed inquirers will receive with a sigh of relief.

It would not seem beyond the bounds of possibility that some one may yet write a history of the House of Lords which shall be a good deal more than a string of statements properly "documentirt," and yet shall not be open to the charge of partisanship. What ought to be aimed at is an account of the composition and political weight of the House of Lords from century to century, viewed in their relation to the evolution of social classes, together with a comparison of the fortunes of the English assembly with those of upper houses in other European countries. But such an "historian," in the highest sense of the term, will need to get his "dry-as-dust" facts all right before he begins; and for that purpose Mr. Pike's book will be indispensable.

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*The Humour of Ireland.* Selected, with Introduction, Biographical Index, and Notes, by D. J. O'Donoghue. The Illustrations by Oliver Payne. Charles Scribner's Sons. 1894. Pp. xx, 434.

This book is a worthy addition to the "Library of Humour" Series, and is the best collection of its kind that has yet appeared. We might have expected extracts from the writings of Miss Edgeworth and the translations of Dr. Joyce. But we have no desire to quarrel with a selection so admirable and comprehensive. It contains all the best that might have been looked for, and will introduce to most readers many pieces likely to have been before unknown to them. We *are* jealous that in the Biographical Index there is no notice of Patrick Kennedy, who, late in his life, contributed so much to our knowledge of the humorous as well as the pathetic side of Irish story and Irish peasant life. Our collector tells us:

"Irish humor, properly speaking, is, one may venture to say, more imaginative than any other, and it is probably less ill-natured than that of any other. [This we doubt.] If true Irish humor is not easily defined with precision, it is at least easily recognizable, there is so much buoyancy and movement in it, and usually so much expansion of heart. . . . Irish humor is mainly a store of merriment pure and simple, without much personal taint, and does not profess to be philosophical. . . . Luckily, Irish humorous writers do not attempt the didactic."

To make, within reasonable limits, effective extracts from a book such as this would be difficult. To be at all appreciated it must be read. We cannot say there is any intentional coarseness; but we are occasionally, as in "The Fellow in the Goatskin," and in "The Widow's Lament," led far on the road thereto. There is no true wit and humor in so much praise of drink—particularly to such of us as have had opportunities of realizing the disgrace and ruin that drinking customs have brought to Ireland, perhaps more, proportionately, than to any other civilized country. W. P. French and E. Downey have properly been drawn upon for some of the best specimens of modern Irish wit. A certain topical knowledge is almost essential for their full appreciation. The illustration of a work of this character is a mistake.

While this book lay on our desk, the greatest Irish wit of our day, Father James Healy, parish priest of Killiney in Ireland, passed away. He was the delight of viceregal circles for the past twenty years. Mr. Balfour often sat at his table; Mr. Morley attended his funeral. As none of his bright sayings have yet found place in any permanent collection, we cannot better conclude a notice of Mr. O'Donoghue's work than by quoting a few of them. On one occasion, Mr. Balfour, when chief secretary, said to our priest: "Is it true, Father Healy, that the people hate me as much

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as the Nationalist papers say they do?" "Hate you!" exclaimed the priest: "if the people hated the devil as much as they hate you, Mr. Balfour, my occupation would be gone." At a dinner several priests began to twit him on the fact that he was not a more active Nationalist. "It is all very well for you young men," he replied, with a twinkle in his eye, "but one night with my double-barrelled gun in a damp ditch would be the death of me." Dalkey Protestant church, near Killiney, is built on an eminence, the greater part of which, immediately adjoining the church, has been quarried away. Some people were chatting over the neighborhood and its beauties one day, and the site of the church was praised. A Protestant gentleman turned, smiling, to Father James and said, "It is a church founded on a rock." Like lightning came the genial assent, "Yes, a blasted rock." The owner of a great oyster establishment in Dublin was one day telling him of the musical accomplishments of his daughter, when Father Healy, with hearty sympathy, said she would be "a regular oyster Patti." Even upon his deathbed he was ready to give a humorous turn to his condition. "Are you distressed?" asked the doctor, a few hours before the last. "Not at all," was the rejoinder; "on the contrary, plenty of fellows owe me money."

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Akerman, William. The Cross of Sorrow: A Tragedy in Five Acts. London: Bell; New York: Macmillan. $1.50.

Ames, J. G. Comprehensive Index of the Publications of the United States Government, 1889–1893. Washington: Government Printing-Office.

Appletons' Illustrated Hand-Book of American Winter Resorts. 1894–'95. Appletons. 50 cents.

Bain, R. N. Cossack Fairy Tales and Folk Tales. London: Lawrence & Bullen; New York: Scribners. $2.40.

Banks, Elizabeth L. Campaigns of Curiosity: Journalistic Adventures of an American Girl in London. F. T. Neely. 50 cents.

Bardeen, C. W. Roderick Hume. 2d ed. Syracuse, N. Y.: C. W. Bardeen. 50 cents.

Benner, Samuel. Benner's Prophecies for 1895. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke Co.. $1.

Bernard, V. F. La Traduction Orale et la Prononciation Française. W. R. Jenkins. 30 cents.

Billings, Dr. F. S. How Shall the Rich Escape? Boston: *Arena* Publishing Co.

Bryce, James. The American Commonwealth. Third edition, revised and enlarged. 2 vols. Macmillan. $4.

Boardman, Irving. Bender's Lawyer's Diary and Directory for the State of N. Y. Albany: Matthew Bender. $1.50.

Bréhat, Alfred de. Jean Belin, the French Robinson Crusoe. Boston: Lee & Shepard. $1.50.

Buckley, Rev. J. M. Travels in Three Continents. Hunt & Eaton. $3.50.

Church, Miss Mary C. Life and Letters of Dean Church. Macmillan. $1.50.

Clouston, Octavia. A Title Rejected. G. W. Dillingham. 50 cents.

Cocke, Dr. J. R. Hypnotism: How it is Done, its Uses and Dangers. Boston: *Arena* Publishing Co.

Cook, Prof. A. S. A Glossary of the Old Northumbrian Gospels. Halle: Max Niemeyer; New York: Westermann.

De Garmo, Prof. Charles. Herbart and the Herbartians. Scribners. $1.

Dement, R. S. Roubar: A Counterfeit Presentment. G. W. Dillingham. $1.50.

Eaton, Rev. A. W. College Requirements in English. Second series. Boston: Ginn & Co. $1.20.

Eddy, Rev. Richard. The Universalist Register for 1895. Boston: Universalist Publishing House. 25 cents.

Furtwängler, Adolph. Masterpieces of Greek Sculpture: A Series of Essays on the History of Art. Illustrated. Scribners. $15.

Gowers, Dr. W. R. The Dynamics of Life. Philadelphia: P. Blakiston, Son & Co. 75 cents.

Graves, C. L. The Hawarden Horace. 2d ed. London Smith, Elder & Co.

Greenwood, Frederick. Imagination in Dreams, and their Study. London: John Lane; New York: Macmillan. $1.75.

Griffis, Rev. W. E. The Religions of Japan. Scribners. $2.

Gudeman, Prof. Alfred. Outlines of the History of Classical Philology. Second edition, revised and enlarged. Boston: Ginn & Co. 85 cents.

Leader, J. T. Life of Sir Robert Dudley, Earl of Warwick and Duke of Northumberland. Florence: G. Barbèra.

*Littell's Living Age*, October–December, 1894. Boston: Littell & Co.

Mach, Prof. Ernst. Popular Scientific Lectures. Chicago: *Open Court* Publishing Co. $1.

Mackaye, Steele. Father Ambrose: The Revelations of May 3d, '68 Deshler Welch Publishing Co. 50 cents.

Magee, Thomas. The Alphabet and Language, Immortality of the Big Trees, etc.: Essays. San Francisco: William Doxey.

McElroy, W. H. An Overture to William Tell. The Republic Press. 50 cents.

Meads, S. P. Elements of Physics for use in Secondary Schools. Silver, Burdett & Co. 72 cents.

Medley, D. J. A Students' Manual of English Constitutional History. London: Simpkin, Marshall, Hamilton, Kent & Co.; New York: Macmillan. $3.25.

Merrill, J. E. Ideals and Institutions: Their Parallel Development. Hartford: Hartford Seminary Press. $1.

Newton, Alfred, and Gadow, Hans. A Dictionary of Birds. Part III. (Moa—Sheathbill). London: A. & C. Black; New York: Macmillan. $2.60.

*Our Animal Friends*. Sept., 1893—August, 1894. Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

*Overland Monthly*, July—December, 1894. San Francisco: *Overland Monthly* Co.

Pater, Walter. Greek Studies: A Series of Essays. Macmillan. $1.75

Paton, Mrs. Maggie W. Letters and Sketches from the New Hebrides. Armstrong. $1.75.

Prichard, Maria F. Parliamentary Usage for Women's Clubs. Cincinnati; Robert Clarke Co. 30 cents.

Reid, Christian. The Land of the Sun: Vistas Mexicanas. Appletons. $1.75.

Ross, Albert. Out of Wedlock. G. W. Dillingham. 50 cents.

Sardou, Victorien. Madame Sans-Gêne: Historical Romance. Dramop Publishing Co.

Sargent, Prof. C. S. Forest Flora of Japan. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Savage, R. H. A Daughter of Judas. F. T. Neely. 50 cents.

Saw, Miss F. Petit Livre d'Instruction et de Divertissement. Maynard, Merrill & Co. 20 cents.

Scott, Sir W. Redgauntlet. 2 vols. [International Edition.] Boston: Estes & Lauriat; New York: Bryan & Taylor Co.

Scott, Sir W. The Betrothed. The Talisman. 2 vols. [International Edition.] Boston: Estes & Lauriat: New York: Bryan & Taylor Co.

Shaw, Albert. Municipal Government in Great Britain. Century Co. $2.

Spencer, Herbert. Weismannism Once More. Appletons.

The Rights and Pretensions of the Roman See. Church Club Lectures, 1894. E. & J. B Young. 50 cents.

Thompson, Prof. Silvanus. Elementary Lessons in Electricity and Magnetism. New edition, revised throughout with additions. Macmillan. $1.40.

Watson, John. The Annals of a Quiet Valley in the Wordsworth Country. London: Dent; New York: Macmillan. $2.


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